National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

From The Christian Intelligencer (Dutch Reformed).

PERSONS mindful of what our Religious Anniversaries once were cannot fail to observe, and lament over, the decay of that unity of spirit which once characterized them. A dozen years ago, or more, the gathering of the tribes under the banners of our national benevolent institutions was an event of joyful omen and Christian exultation. The fellowship of the saints found a practical illustration in the union and harmony of the multitudes who met to praise God for his gracious working. That harmony is broken. That union is at an end. The Anniversaries have come to be seasons of excitement, bitterness, and wrath. Angry divisions have been pushed into almost all our beneficent Societies, and their annual meetings show them to be indeed parts of the Church Militant.

The fierce and intolerant spirit of anti-slavery fanaticism is chiefly responsible for the havoc and ruin inflicted upon the fraternal concord and peace of these Societies. It has crept into the American Board and Home Missionary Society, and gained virtual control of those organizations. It has assailed the American Sunday School Union with but indifferent success. It has prostituted the Young Men's Christian Association of this city into easy fellowship with Unitarianism and Universalism, for the sake of making an anti-slavery compact against evangelical men and measures. It has thrust itself into the Tract Society, with eager effort to break its constitution and destroy its usefulness. And this year, by a studied plan, this same malignant spirit planted itself in a hostile attitude to the American Bible Society, and held an opposition meeting at the hour, and near the place, when and where the Bible Anniversary was celebrated.

"Perish Bibles and Tracts, and all other appliances of Christian principle and purpose, until the rabid wrath of intolerant zealots be allowed to hurl them as projectile forces from the red-hot artillery of angry war," is in effect the language of the men who create the noise and confusion of our Anniversary gatherings. Allied in closest intimacy with the anti-slavery furor is the violent sectarianism which, of late, under the lead of an intensely sectarian journal, has obtruded itself upon the business of Anniversary week. The new lights of Congregationalism are not willing that their *ism* shall be allowed to mingle any longer in the fraternal parities and courtesies of Christian union, and hence the strained efforts to get up *collations* for the cultivation of what *The Evangelist* aptly styles "gastronomic piety," and other meetings of a purely denominational and sectarian sort. There are many sagacious men, here and elsewhere, who believe that anti-slavery is used as a mere hobby for modern Congregationalism to ride for its own purposes. Be this as it may, the two are unquestionably united in the unholy work of interrupting the continued flow of that good feeling which was wont to rise around the Anniversary seasons in this city.

These facts are becoming very well understood. Honest and fair men remember that it is their duty to mark them which create divisions, and withdraw from them. The Bible and Tract Societies, having been the principal objects of attack, showed conclusively this year that, notwithstanding all the clamor raised against them, their friends are legion, and their prospects of usefulness greater than ever before.

AN AMUSING SPECTACLE.—A fly buzzing to silence the roar of a lion, or a snail criticizing the flight of an eagle, would not furnish more food for "mirthfulness" than did Henry Ward Beecher in his attempt to review the speech of Daniel Lord, Esq. Persons familiar with Mr. Beecher's mental traits have never suspected him of being possessed with any logical or argumentative genius. He dogmatizes beautifully; says pretty things eloquently; uses agreeable figures, and is altogether a fancy man in word-painting; but argument is not in his line.

Mr. Beecher likened his coadjutors at the Tract meeting to "frogs," because they hopped on and off the stage with so much agility. The figure was apt, and we admire its appropriateness, and can almost imagine that we hear them croaking even while they are hopping in our remembered vision. But Mr. Beecher trying to overturn Daniel Lord's speech suggests the sorry picture of a hungry frog lamenting over the indigestible hardness of a rock.

We understand that Mr. Beecher did not quite finish Mr. Lord on Thursday, but that he went at the distinguished lawyer again on Sabbath morning, and then again on Sabbath evening. Our benevolent expectation is that Mr. Lord and his speech will furnish breakfast, dinner and supper for Mr. Beecher and his friends for a long while. Last year they clung to Dr. Bethune with wonderful pertinacity; but as the Dr. has given up *bacon* for maccaroni, Mr. Lord may prepare himself now for the gastronomic entertainment which he will be compelled to furnish his critics.—*Ibid.*

REV. DR. CHEEVER.—It is *not* true that a commission of lunacy has, as yet, been issued to try the sanity of this gentleman, but it *is* true that he is reported to have said on Sabbath evening last, in his "*Peace*" sermon to the peaceful flock whom it was his pleasure, then, to lead by the "still waters" of his liquid eloquence, that—

"Now-a-days men come to consider the Sabbath a bag of exhilarating gas—a balloon by which political sinners imagine they are exalted to heaven, south-side ministers being paid expressly for the purpose. Or it may be considered as a drink decocted from hemp, by which man-stealers even have their souls elevated—a proper and deserved application of the original article on a week-day would hang them."

Mild! modest!! meek!!! monomaniacal Cheever! Thus with a wag of the tongue to send all ministers who would mind their proper business—in a Sabbath balloon, to a promiscuous hanging! Jannes and Jambres! we bid you applaud the courage of your successor!—*Ibid.*

PREPARATORY READINGS.—A gentleman, who, for the first time, visited Mr. Beecher's church on Sabbath last, has stated in a public print that the congregation were busily employed *in reading the Sunday newspapers* prior to the commencement of the service. Their preparatory studies in this valuable kind of sacred literature doubtless whetted their appetites for the more amusing and entertaining performance that followed.—*Ibid.*

THE ABOLITIONISTS AGAIN.

From The New York Times.

WHEN men are excessively violent and vituperative, they are generally supposed to be in a bad way. Frantic vehemence usually springs from extreme desperation. Judged by this principle, the ultra Abolitionists, now in session in this city, must be particularly hard pressed. They are as rancorous and abusive as if they were on the point of utter annihilation. Their speeches sound more like the ravings of Bedlamites than the utterances of men seeking the accomplishment of a practical object. Garrison, Pillsbury and Phillips—the stock actors of the *troupe*, who have regularly amused the public for twenty years with their tirades—uttered their bulls of excommunication yesterday against everything and everybody but themselves. They denounced the Union, the Church, the Republican party, the Tract Society and Senator Seward, in good set terms, but reserved their choicest vials of wrath for Dr. Cheever and Mr. Beecher. They have aid on this occasion from abroad. First, they present an affectionate exhortation from two or three thousand persons in an interior town of England, who are very anxious that the Abolitionists should instantly put an end to slavery in America. Next, they have a similar request from a party in Belgium; and, finally, a letter from the Italian apostle of assassination—Mazzini. These are not in themselves very formidable backers, but, for lack of better, they serve a turn.

The Tribune seems envious of the reputation of these eminent exhorters, in the matter of logic. In an article, yesterday, upon the American Tract Society, it thus convicts that thriving establishment of special and exclusive responsibility for the evils of slavery:

"*We shall not stop to prove*, by an elaborate argument, that by this step, deliberately taken, the Society have, on their own showing, voluntarily assumed the part of him who knows his master's will, and, for reasons of his own, resolves to do it not; or that they have voluntarily incurred a *moral responsibility for all the evils and vices that American slavery is known to promote*; that every Bible withheld from the slave is *withheld by them*; that in every auction sale of human beings it is the hammer of the Managers that seals their fate; that whenever a slave woman is flogged, it is the hand of the Managers that wields the lash; that whenever a negro is burned by mobs—and such burnings are becoming common—it is *the torch of the Managers that lights the pyre. It is self-evident* that every soul, whether of master or of slave, that lives in ignorance or crime, and dies in darkness, in consequence of the unchecked evils and vices of slavery, which the Society declines to condemn, thus lives and dies by the voluntary consent and approval of the Managers and their supporters, who, in the name of Evangelical Christianity, have become the aiders and abettors of Southern slavery as it now exists."

Such trash as this would not be out of place in one of the Pillsbury harangues or the Garrisonian diatribes that annually titilate the morbid tastes of our abolition gatherings; but it is a little humiliating to find it deliberately served up to the intelligent public in the columns of an ambitious journal like *The Tribune*. It would be very easy by the same logic to fasten upon every quiet, well behaved citizen in the depths of the West responsibility for the burning of Hebrew widows, or the misconduct and reckless appetites of the Fejee Islanders. Argument of this sort belongs to lunatic asylums and small gatherings of very foolish old women.

The abolition ultraists are rapidly losing both numbers and importance. Every year they add new names to their list of recreants. Fred. Douglass, who is a sensible, able and practical man, comparatively, at least, left them long ago. As other men grow wiser, they grow more frantic and foolish. Mr. Beecher was never fanatical enough to please them, but we supposed that by this time Dr. Cheever had made good his title to full fellowship. He has certainly been sufficiently ultra, intolerant and vituperative even for their taste; his particular unpardonable sin consists in his continuing to "clothe himself in the black and bloody garments of the Church." It may seem strange that orators of this stamp continue to draw audiences. But it is not strange after all. People go to hear them just as they would go to a bull-baiting, or rat-killing match, if these were respectable. They listen to them just as they read a scurrilous article in a newspaper—because they relish abuse. Everybody does, more or less—and almost everybody loves to gratify the appetite if it can be done without loss of standing or character. But not one in ten of those who listen believe or sympathize with what they hear. So, in spite of these meetings, we are inclined to think that both the Church and the Union will last a little longer.

From The New York Herald.

Our ancient friends, the Garrisonian Abolitionists, exploded like a bunch of fire-crackers in an empty barrel. They abused Doctor Cheever, the reverend gentleman who has lately been preaching against the sin of slavery, in the most terrible way. They evidently consider him as an interloper in the camp—one who desires to infringe on their patent right to work for the amelioration of all the little niggers in the land. Their indignation is the more bitter, perhaps, because the British Exeter Hall sympathizers have been called upon to contribute to the support of Dr. Cheever's Church, on the ground that it has suffered pecuniarily on account of its pastor's labors in the cause of the slave. The Garrisonians do not relish any such poaching upon their preserves, and desire to have it distinctly understood that the Cheever wing is in no way entitled to any of the spoils which have hitherto flowed from British founts into the breeches pockets of Massa Garrison.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

From The New York Observer.

THE Rev. Henry Ward Beecher then took the stage and made a speech so characteristic of himself, so full of gall and bitterness against those who uphold the American Tract Society, we have only to regret that all who are doubtful as to the nature of the opposition had not the opportunity we enjoyed of hearing it. The fierce denunciation, the sarcasm and ridicule with which he assailed men, the latchet of whose shoes he is not worthy to unloose, were such as could only come from him. He confined himself to a single work—ridicule of the American Tract Society and its supporters. "They are good men," he said; "they fairly reek with piety; their odor is rank and smells to heaven (applause)."

"If they would give up their claim to being considered a religious Society, and, taking the money they had obtained under *false pretences*, devote it to publishing books in the line they had laid out, he would find no fault."

"The men who are lubricated to sleek devotion, who have a text for every omission and commission, who make long prayers while they are devouring widows' houses, who turn up their eyes whenever they mean to do a wicked thing, who take the livery of heaven to serve the devil in, these are the men who are the most dangerous teachers of infidelity. They are the lawyers and Pharisees whom Christ denounced. The temple stands in Nassau street, and the priests and lawyers are there, as the priests and lawyers were in the temple of old (sensation).

"Use those brethren as the Spartans did their Helot slaves. Show them to your children as they rise and stagger, that in their wickedness they may learn a lesson from the sight (sensation)."

"Then he ran a parallel between the Apostles of old and the Executive Committee of the Society (reading the names of the latter, and emphasizing the D.D. at the end of each). If the Apostles had gone to work as they did now-a-days, he asked how long it would take to evangelize the world. He had the greatest respect for these gentlemen. If they were here, he would treat them with the same respect he showed the other ladies (laughter)."

But we will not make further extracts from the speech. The reporter of *The Times* says "no report can do justice to its continual and indignant flashes of sarcasm and bitter denunciation." If the Christian people of this country could have heard and *seen* it, as we did, they would never need another argument to convince them that the spirit of the gospel is not *there*. It was, without exception, the most unchristian exhibition we ever heard from the lips of a professedly Christian man.

CROWING HENS.—A meeting called in behalf of "Women's Rights" was held in Mozart Hall last week on Thursday evening. Addresses were made by Susan B. Anthony (known as Reverend Miss Anthony), Mrs. Caroline H. Dall, Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Blackwell, Mrs. Ernestine Rose, and Wendell Phillips. The usual tirade against the usages of society and the common sense of mankind was the staple of the oratory of the evening. A large audience was present, many of whom disgraced themselves by indecent interruptions. The best way to put down these fanatics is to let them severely alone. But if one is led by curiosity to go and hear a hen crow, he ought to let her crow. To make a disturbance in a "female meeting" is about as mean as to strike a woman.—*Ibid.*

A REMONSTRATING GRAND JURY.

THE Savannah *Republican* publishes an indignant protest of the Grand Jury which recently indicted the parties suspected of complicity in the slave trade. The jurymen state that they were compelled under oath, by instructions from the Court, to find a bill in accordance with the law prohibiting the slave trade, but desired it to be understood that they did so against their will. The protest concludes as follows:

We feel humbled, as men, in the consciousness that we are *freemen* but in name; and that we are living, during the existence of such laws, under a tyranny as supreme as that of the despotic governments of the Old World.

Heretofore the people of the South, firm in their consciousness of right and strength, *have failed to place the stamp of condemnation upon such laws as reflect upon the institution of slavery, but have permitted, unrebuked, the influence of foreign opinion to prevail in their support.* Longer to yield to a sickly sentiment of pretended philanthropy and diseased mental aberration of "higher law" fanatics, the tendency of which is to debase us in the estimation of civilized nations, is weak and unwise. Regarding all such laws as tending to encourage such results, and consequently as baneful in their effects, *we unhesitatingly advocate the repeal of all laws which directly or indirectly, condemn this institution*, and those who have inherited or maintain it; and think it the duty of the Southern people to require their legislators to unite their efforts for the accomplishment of this object.

CHAS. GRANT, BENEDICT BOURGUIN,
H. L. BYRD, M. D., JNO. J. JACKSON,
S. PALMER, GEO. W. GARMANY.

DECLINE OF GARRISON-ABOLITIONISM.

From The Journal of Commerce.

FOR years past, the Abolitionists have sought to give respectability and importance to their orgies by assembling in New York simultaneously with the anniversaries of our great religious and charitable organizations. To some extent they have succeeded in their object, with the aid of Wendell Phillips (who is one of the most melancholy illustrations of prostituted talent the country affords), and have sometimes drawn large audiences. There has been apparent, however, a growing apathy in the public mind. They have been permitted to shout for days in succession, almost unnoticed, if not unknown. But the most painful experience was reserved for May, 1859. They got together in meagre numbers, and fulminated furious resolutions, interlarded with set speeches, in which everything national, political and ecclesiastical was pulverized and devoured at a single gulp. Still, there was no sensation. Other resolutions were piled up, more direct and pertinent, consigning "the Republican party, the Boston American Tract Society, the recently formed New England and New York Church Anti-Slavery Society, *The Independent*, with its array of clerical editors and contributors, that are still in governmental or ecclesiastical union and fellowship with slavery and slaveholders," all to the gloomy realms of Hades. Even Rev. Dr. C—— was "in church fellowship with the vilest slaveholders," and on a subsequent occasion the same individual was rebuked for attending an anti-slavery meeting where no "fighting" was to be done, instead of being present at the meeting of the Tract Society. But Abolitionists are ungrateful, and none are so exalted or so low as to be beyond the reach of their invective.

THE STANDARD.

THE NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

SIXTH ANNIVERSARY.

Reported for THE STANDARD by WILLIAM H. BURR.

THE NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY held its Sixth Anniversary in the City Assembly Room, on Wednesday evening, May 11th, 1859. A large audience was present, notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather. Dr. ERASMUS D. HUDSON, one of the Vice-Presidents, occupied the chair.

SPEECH OF THEODORE TILTON.

MR. THEODORE TILTON, on being introduced by the Chair, spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS: A New England deacon, in rising before an audience, announced that he had a few words to say before he began to speak! Now, if I have not already begun, I have a few words to say before I begin. Do not suppose that I [illegible] an apology for standing on the same platform with the radical Abolitionists. Such an apology would need an apology. But I mean to say a single word in vindication of the right of every man, whether he has an opinion against slavery, whether he has an opinion in favor of slavery, or whether he has no opinion whatever on the subject of slavery, to stand on this platform, or on any other, to which he is invited with the assurance that he may use it to speak freely his own sentiments, and not other men's—and particularly his own sentiments when they differ from other men's. This Society invites to its meetings not only its members, but strangers; not only its friends, but its enemies. I am neither an officer nor a member; yet I believe I am authorized to say that this platform is free. Nevertheless, there is a large class of persons who—the oftener they are told, the less they seem to know what they are told—persist in holding the idea that when any man stands on these boards to speak to the people, he is supposed to have been examined beforehand, in private committee, by Mr. Garrison, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Pillsbury and Mr. Parker, in order to the precaution that he may utter no word of heresy against the creed of these rigorous and only defenders of the true faith. Now, I have come here as a stranger—so much so that, when I was passing through the door, I was on the point of being asked for my admission fee—but I can bear this testimony: that I have been questioned in no longer or shorter catechism; I have had to subscribe to no confession of faith; I have signed no XXXIX articles. Nor have I been shown into a dark room where, by the dim light of doleful tapers, I have been made to see the vellum of the United States Constitution with the awful label, that it is a "covenant with death and an agreement with hell!" In other words, I come upon the platform of this Society not because I agree with all the sentiments of all its leaders. I come not knowing their sentiments; I come not caring to know them, so far as my coming is concerned. For as I was invited without being examined, I have come without examining.

I make this statement not because of its personal reference to myself; for it is of small consequence to explain why I have come, or why I might have staid away; but because an erroneous and mischievous impression has gained wide currency with the public, that men cannot stand side by side on one question except they be of the same mind on all others; that because an infidel chooses to work for the freedom of the slave, therefore either no other man, of higher faith, shall be allowed to stand on the same platform with him; or, all other men, who are willing to be his co-workers, shall be called infidels for their co-working. Yet I may here remark that, so far as my own limited observation has gone, I have never yet seen an infidel who was an advocate of anti-slavery, and I never have seen an advocate of anti-slavery who was an infidel. You may take that for what it is worth (applause).

It may not now be unbecoming in me to say that while on the great moral question of the rightfulness or wrongfulness of a national sin, or the essential wickedness of so great a crime against God and man as human bondage, my agreement with the main principle to which these anti-slavery anniversaries are designed to give expression is so thorough and entire that I would willingly take this main idea as a ring of wedlock, and with it bind my opinions in holy covenant with those of Mr. Garrison from this time henceforth "till death doth us part" (applause)—yet, to one of the opinions of Mr. Garrison—and one which he holds with all the tenacity of a man who is thoroughly convinced, and who means to adhere to his conviction so long as he lives—I cannot bring my mind to assent to any such wedlock; and if I should attempt to force myself into such a harmony of sentiment to-night—or, what would be worse, should pretend to it—I know that to-morrow morning there would be a rebellion and a cry for divorce! I refer to his interpretation of the Constitution of the United States. I will tell you how far I will go with Mr. Garrison. If I believed that his interpretation was right, I would act upon that interpretation as he acts. For if I were once persuaded that the Constitution enjoined upon me, when a hunted fugitive, trembling and faint from pursuit, knocks at my door for shelter, and holds out his hand to mine for help, that I should seize, and bind, and deliver him to his enemies, and send him back to that bondage out of which God's hand had guided him—I say if the Constitution made it a requisite of my good citizenship that I should thus dishonor both God and man, I would resist, defy, and spurn that Constitution, as if the devil with undisguised hand had written the parchment, and with undisguised voice had called me to swear to it an oath of allegiance (applause). But I have never been able to see the necessity of such an interpretation of the Constitution as that which Mr. Garrison gives, when he quotes that awful text from the prophet. Nor is this because I have not been conscientious in my inquiry. For I may mention that I was once elected to a political office—without my knowledge, and therefore without my consent—and that, being then in the midst of settling an honest doubt as to the true meaning of the Constitution, I refused to take the oath, and gave up the office. So that if I have ever had the contamination of politics, I got rid of it before I grew foul enough for any great station (applause).

I was present at your meeting yesterday morning. I heard the speeches of Mr. Pillsbury and Mr. Phillips. These gentlemen are two new friends of mine, and I refer to them now because they referred then to two old friends of mine. Of course, I mean the Rev. Dr. Cheever and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. As I was leaving the hall, I was requested by some friends to reply to the strictures made upon those two eminent men. Mr. Pillsbury and Mr. Phillips have told you what they think of them; I will tell you what *I* think (applause). In Union Square, in this city, there is an equestrian statue of Washington, erected in bronze, on a pediment of granite. It reaches out its arm, and points with its finger of brass towards a marble church, clustered over with ivy-vines; and if you were asked "What temple is that?" any man would tell you that it was the Church of the Puritans, and that its pastor, the most puritan of the Puritans, was the Rev. Dr. Cheever (applause). I think there is something prophetic in the pointing of that silent finger. When the voice of that pulpit is stilled, and when one hundred years shall have rolled over the grave of that prophet who is too little honored in his own country and his own time, there may be another figure in that same place, pointing in the same way; and when men shall ask the meaning of the sign, they will be told that it is impartial history pointing to the spot where once stood and spoke a man who stood and spoke only for the truth, and who, because of his fearlessness and eloquence—fearless as John Wiclif, and eloquent as John Knox—was at last, after many years, honored as the great and foremost advocate of human freedom, in the American Church (applause).

And in regard to that other and younger friend on the other side of the river (applause)—and I believe he will never be old this side of four-score years—I cannot say less than this: that when one hundred years shall have rolled over his grave, he will be remembered as the first and foremost of the leaders of that greater phalanx than the American Church—I mean the great mass of the American people! Among the first and foremost of the teachers of the great idea of human freedom! For I believe there is no man in this country—I make no exception—who, as a teacher of moral lessons to the masses, is equal to the pastor of Plymouth Church (applause). Now, sir, I have a right to speak in his defence, because I have been so intimately associated with him. I will here say—and I have long been waiting an adequate public occasion to say it—that to Henry Ward Beecher, more than to any other living man, I owe my own education in respect to this great idea of freedom which I am here to utter to-night. If it were not for Henry Ward Beecher, I would not be now standing on the same platform with Wendell Phillips (applause). It was his eloquent voice that reached the ear of my boyhood, and stirred in my heart those slumbering instincts of freedom which I hope may never cease to thrill within me until that heart shall cease to beat (applause). I remember, in reading Peter Bayne's admirable book, "The Christian Life," a passage in the preface, in which he says he cannot conceive how the influence of one man's mind over another could possibly be greater than that of Thomas Carlyle's over his own. I was greatly pleased with the frankness of that confession, and I am ready to make one like it. I therefore say that no man who has written or spoken, in the past or in the present, in this or in any other country, now living or now dead, has ever exerted a greater influence over my own mind and life than Henry Ward Beecher (applause). When I am called upon to speak from this platform, I feel that the very freedom of the platform allows me to utter this opinion.

Now, why is it that these two men have been so criticized? It is not, I am persuaded, because they are not regarded as at heart genuine anti-slavery men; for no one here will venture to say that. No one will say that they are not true-hearted lovers of freedom. They are criticized, then, for what? Because of their alleged complicity with slavery, in consequence of their connection with the American Church. In other words, because they are ministers of Congregational Churches, and because Congregational Churches are in some way connected with one another [illegible] usually connected with other things beyond, and finally by a series of various and tenuous connections, they are at last connected with slavery. Now, I cannot conceive how it is that a man should be branded as pro-slavery, or as an anti-slavery man in a pro-slavery position, because of his connection with a Congregational Church. What is a Congregational Church? It is a body of men, usually living in one neighborhood, and assembling in one building; who come together and agree to select one man for their pastor and teacher; and who, if they are good Congregationalists, live together in harmony with each other and labor for the furtherance of the Gospel, including its idea of freedom, throughout their own circle and throughout the land. Now, one such body of church-members has no ecclesiastical connection with any other—not the slightest or frailest, not the bond of the most slender spider's web. I can conceive how the Presbyterian, the Methodist, or the Episcopal Church may, from a certain logical point of view, have complicity with slavery, and how a member of one of these Churches may be stigmatized by Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips, as in some sense in communion with slaveholders. Each of those Churches is a consolidated body, and includes slaveholders of the South as well as freemen of the North. But not so with a Congregational Church. There is no Congregational body of worshippers that is thus connected with any other body or organization. Now, Mr. Phillips's argument is: Dr. Cheever condemns the Church; why, then, does he remain in the Church? But this is no more an argument than if I should say, Mr. Phillips condemns me; why, then, does he invite me to this platform? For the bond which unites, in an un-ecclesiastical organization, all the Congregational Churches of this State is not half so much a bond as that which unites the American Anti-Slavery Society. Nor can I, as a Congregationalist, be condemned for complicity with slavery because I am connected with a Congregational Church, any more than, because I come upon this platform, I can be condemned for complicity with Mr. Phillips's views against Congregationalism (applause).

Let me read you just one sentence from Mr. Phillips's speech reported in *The Tribune* of this morning. In speaking of Dr. Cheever, he says:

"He is to-day in the most harmful position of any man in the Northern States. He utters truth as burning as truth can be, and in doing this he stands before the country in the black and bloody dress of an American church-member of the Congregational Church."

Now, as I am a member of a Congregational Church, Mr. Phillips's criticisms against Dr. Cheever will, in this respect, apply to me as well as to him. But comparing small things with great, I beg leave to submit (walking toward Mr. P.) that the color of my coat is whiter than his (great laughter; Mr. Tilton's coat was drab). So, I am sure I can bear witness that my conscience is as clear as his (applause). And as for the "bloody stains," it strikes me that the color of this red cloth (pointing to the desk-covering) is more like the color of blood than anything I have on my skirts (applause). Now, I am not unaware of the peril at which I say these things. I know the keenness of that eye that sparkles behind me, and the fierceness with which that lion will pounce. For, when Mr. Phillips praises a man, that man is more than praised; and when he smites him, he is more than killed. I feel very much as you can imagine the Sepoys felt when they were brought up and bound to the muzzle of the guns, which were to be touched off as soon as the English soldiers came up behind! (Laughter and applause.) I expect that as soon as I get through, the gentleman behind me will light his torch, apply it to the battery, and blow me to atoms (laughter). Nevertheless, because the truth is dear to me, I make this testimony; because I am invited here, I make this testimony; because I am a friend of Dr. Cheever and Mr. Beecher, I make this testimony; because justice demands it, I make this testimony. It is due to them, as explaining their true position; it is due to myself, as explaining mine. And this is all the controversy that I wish to have to-night; for I did not come to make a speech of controversy. Indeed, I believe that in this anti-slavery work there are too many speeches of controversy and too few of principle (applause); and if Mr. Phillips will now begin to look upon me with more mercy, I will agree not to disagree with him any further this evening; and when I say this, I breathe freer, and have more hope of my life (laughter).

I now wish to say that while I cannot agree with all the gentlemen who usually fill this place, I cannot, on that account, suffer myself to be excluded from the number or the fellowship of those whose life's-labor is for the freedom of the slave. For the ground of my anti-slavery belief is not in the Constitution of the United States, nor in the American Anti-Slavery Society. It is in the nature of man, as that nature is interpreted to me by my own manhood, and confirmed to me by my reading of the Word of God (applause). The law of human freedom is written in every human breast! It has been there written from the foundation of the world until now; and though for ages the writing may have lain like a hieroglyph, hidden and uninterpreted, yet God has never once failed, in making a human heart, to stamp it with this proof and record alike of its divinity and its humanity (applause). Since Christianity has arisen as the great light of the world, this mysterious writing (which is not of the letter, but of the spirit) has been more clearly read, and more truly understood. The Bible gave to men a plain translation of the former hieroglyph which they could not read—plainer than Champollion's transcriptions from the pyramids of Egypt, however much an army of slaveholding ministers may keep silent of the interpretation because their white cravats are still around the necks of Egyptian mummies (laughter).

I say, first, that the law of human freedom is in human nature, and, having said this, I say next, that when men deny their own nature, and refuse to read the law of their own life, the same argument rises again into their faces out of the Scriptures. It was in the Bible that the masses of men first found—not knowing before how to find in themselves—the great idea of the dignity and sacredness of man. Here is one argument in the human breast; and here is another (holding up a Bible)—in God's revelation. This book is a shield and breastplate with which men, black men as well as white, may defend their freedom to the end of time. This is a bulwark which no engine of oppression can break down! I stand on this platform, recognizing the nature of man to be free, and recognizing God's declaration that man's nature was meant to be free. I stand here to-night to bear this testimony out of the Word of God. I know how the members of this Society have been branded as infidels. Let no man who fears God and who loves truth dare to brand me as an infidel! (Applause.) I take up the Word of God here, and find in it that all men are born of one blood. I stand by this truth; I stand by this book. Sir, we cannot over-estimate the importance of the Bible in the great conflict against human oppression. It is of more importance to us than the sign of the cross was to the Crusaders. It is our watchword and talisman. A poor ignorant slave woman was taken as a body-servant by her mistress from Baltimore to Boston. The moment her feet crossed the line of free soil, she became as free as the lady whom she served, but never knew or suspected her right until a stranger whispered it in her ear, when, being suddenly told, she became so suddenly free that her beautiful mistress was left without a waiting maid to dress her hair! So much the better for that *boudoir!* Now, I say that the whole race were bondmen and bondwomen until they knew that great truth of which Christ spoke, when he said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." There is a church in Brooklyn over whose arch of entrance, gilded on the white marble, are these same words, "The truth shall make you free." I never pass that door and read that inscription without the awakening of a new life within me, passing like a thrill from head to foot! I believe this same instinct for freedom will yet stir the heart of all humanity before these divine words shall have lost their power over man! (Applause.)

Now, you will permit me to say—and I say it with modesty—that, in my opinion, the advocates of anti-slavery, in urging their cause, too often forget, or too often depart from, this one great argument, and descend to others which, all taken together, are lesser and weaker than this; that the argument for man's freedom is man's humanity; and that its guarantee is God's revelation. For, what is man? He is the child of God, made in the image of his Father! He is lord of this world and heir of the next! He is the greatest of all God's creatures. The whole globe which we tread under our feet is not of so much importance in the Divine eye as one single man who walks upon its surface! A man standing in the presence of the earth's vast expanse may seem small, yet the earth's vast expanse is still smaller before man! For, the eye is a very little thing, and yet it takes in the whole horizon's bound, and it is not full. The ear is a very little thing, and yet the whole thundering chorus of the ocean and its breakers may be poured into it, and it is not full. How much more, then, the mind—the immortal part—that compasses not only the whole earth, but the whole heaven! There is in man such sublime intelligence and power that the whole earth, the whole universe, on which he exercises it, is too small for its measurement! He binds the globe with a girdle! He follows the courses of the stars, the seen and the unseen! And more than this, his human nature rises into communion with the Divine nature—out of which it sprang and into which it shall return! The revolving and outreaching thoughts of the human mind, the undefined and unutterable longings of the human soul—who can measure these, or who can tell what and how great is man!

Now, it is in this wonderful nature that we find the argument for man's freedom; for freedom is proved to be a man's right, because it is man's necessity. It is the [illegible] freedom of will, mankind. I mean not merely freedom of the body, but of the mind; yes, and also freedom of the body for the sake of the mind. For the body is made honorable by the nature which it enshrines. And I think that when Christ took upon himself the form of a man, he invested not only our human nature, but our human body, with such dignity and sacredness, that henceforth no man might trample upon it without sacrilege. For when you trample upon man, you trample upon God!

Now, I think, while this great argument for freedom exists, we waste many golden opportunities by using any other. Or rather, I do not mean to say that it is not right to use other arguments with men who cannot be touched with this; but when you must urge other arguments—when you have to descend to such considerations as the superiority of free labor over slave labor—when you must demonstrate profit instead of demonstrating principles—you should be careful to draw the lines of all other arguments always upon the one great background of this! This, I think, is the great defect in anti-slavery meetings. The object of such meetings, as I conceive, is the persuasion of the people. Now, you cannot persuade the people unless you come down to them. Yet it is not a hard thing to persuade most men of a great truth. There is no truth greater than the freedom of man, and none more welcomed by man if only he once sees it. For any man who once sees and comprehends the idea cannot but bid it welcome. The very thought entering the mind will fill it with new yearnings, just as when John Bunyan, in his dream, beheld through the open gates of heaven the entrance of the pilgrims into the Holy City, "which when I saw," says he, "I wished myself among them." No man can comprehend this idea without having his whole mind and whole nature enlarged by it, as if a heavenly vision had shone upon him and filled him with its glory! As the Psalmist says, "The entrance of thy word giveth light"! (Applause.)

Sir, it is only this one argument that I wish to bring to-night. I am against slavery not because of its sufferings; I am against slavery when I forget its sufferings; I am against slavery when it has no sufferings. It is not the lash or the scourge that makes me an anti-slavery man; it is not the chain and ball around the ancle; it is not the hand-cuffs about the wrist; it is not the coffle that yokes men together as if they were beasts. Nor am I against slavery because of its unrequited toil; not because the rice swamp yields its rice all to the master and none to the slave; not because the men who pick the cotton live in huts, while the men for whom they pick it live in palaces. Nor am I against slavery by reason of any demonstrated superiority of free labor over slave labor. I would be an anti-slavery man if free labor in the end were dear, and slave labor in the end were cheap. I would be against slavery if free labor made the nation poor and slave labor made it rich (applause). I would be against slavery if it were freedom that had made the Southern States degraded, and slavery that had made the Northern States prosperous. And I think that any man who bases his anti-slavery faith merely on the undeniable profit of paid labor over unpaid does not go to the fountain-head.

Nor am I against slavery because of my sympathy for the slave, nor because I am so sweetly told in this book that I must "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them." And yet, sir, if there were no other reason, this were reason enough. I think that we can hardly comprehend the depth of meaning in that simple command—"Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them." How it puts upon our own hands the chain—"as bound with them"! How it heaps upon our own backs the burden—as carrying it with them! How it lays upon our own hearts the sorrow—as suffering it with them! Now, how far can you enter into other men's thoughts and experiences? How little can you know, at any moment, of the thoughts and feelings that are passing through other men's breasts?—in equal quick succession as in your own, and in both more various and more rapid than the lights and shadows of summer clouds on summer grass! Go into the cabin, at night, of some slave out of whom his bondage has not crushed so much of his manhood that he forgets to pray for his freedom; go in, and listen to his prayer! You remember how Dr. Kane, during the long Arctic night, longed and prayed for the dawn! The slave is in a perpetual Arctic night, praying for the dawn—that never comes! The cabin of that ship, locked up in the ice of the Polar sea, was not so hopeless a prison to the men that were in it as the cabin of many a slave to-day on the banks of the Mississippi! Now, what is the prayer of such a slave? What are the yearnings, the longings, the hopings, the despairings, the conflicts that have no end in victory? How much can you know of these things? And yet, until you can enter into a full knowledge of all this wonderful experience, you cannot truly "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them" (applause). You must have suffered yourself, to know the keenness of suffering in others. You must have wept yourself, to know the bitterness of other men's tears. Now, I ask what do you know of bondage that may teach you how adequately to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them? What do you know of the lash to feel its scourgings on other men's backs? What do you know of the handcuff to feel its galling around other men's wrists? What do you know of forced dishonor to feel its brand burned in upon another's heart, consuming it as with a secret fire? I tell you it is with lightness and thoughtlessness that we say, we have sympathy for the slave. How weak and shallow is our sympathy! The apostle that gave us the command might well have said that only an apostle could obey it!

And yet, although I believe that the measure of our sympathy is not full when it is at the fullest, it is not because of rightful sympathy for the slave that I am against slavery. Nor is it because I believe—as I do believe—that slavery is a curse to the white man as well as to the black. Yet this might well be a white man's reason! In one of the largest towns in Virginia a slave-trader bought a lot of slaves at public auction. I will not mention names, because the truth is sometimes too true to be all told. After the purchase, he went to the slaves, and, addressing them, ordered them to prepare to form into line, to be chained together in a gang, and marched off to Georgia. Among the number was a woman with an infant at her breast. As soon as the gang was formed, the trader, thinking that perhaps the child might be troublesome on the way, walked up to the woman, with smiles to disarm her suspicions, and, just as the slaves were about to start, snatched away the babe from her arms! He then sent it to his own house. The mother at first wept, then entreated, and finally, in despair, screamed for her child! The slave trader's wife, touched with sympathy for the woman, and roused at her husband's cruelty, brought back the child and begged that the mother might have it, that her heart might not be wrung! The man refused, and again sent it to the house! The gang moved off, and were taken to the South and sold. At the end of several months, the trader, having done a large business, returned—with his pocket full of money, and himself full of spirits, in more senses than one (laughter). On reaching home, he found his family in great confusion. His wife, having been taken suddenly ill, had given birth to a child—which, as if in token of the anger of God, had been born a *monstrosity*—its wrists bound together with a ligament of flesh!—a plain and awful birth-mark of a slave's handcuff

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

PAPERS WANTED.—Owing to some unaccountable blunder in the press-room, our supply of papers last week fell short of the demand, to the great disappointment of some of our friends. We do not like to make such a request, but if those of our readers who do not keep files will return the number for May 21st, we shall feel greatly obliged. Wrap and direct, "*National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York*"

THE "RELIGIOUS" ANNIVERSARIES.

THOSE wealthy and powerful Associations which, pretending to labor in the service of Christianity, are really propagating the pro-slavery American Religion, have just held their annual meetings in this city. The influence of these Societies is immense. Their roots and branches extend through all the States and Territories, and their work is done with equal facility both South and North, since they neither disturb slavery nor are disturbed by it. They call for and receive an immense amount, and an annually increasing amount, of money. And, though the larger donations and bequests which pour into their treasuries generally come from those who give but little, if at all, to any good object, a vast amount of it is extorted from worthy people of small or moderate means, by the representation that God is thus most acceptably served.

When, in former years, the Anti-Slavery meetings were interrupted and insulted with various demonstrations of tumult and outrage, by persons crowded together in the galleries or other remoter parts of the audience, and when the scrutiny of the Abolitionists discovered that church-members, and occasionally ministers, were among the most active of these disturbers, many persons found it hard to believe that men of their piety and respectability could be guilty of such conduct; that intelligent persons, very well able to address a public audience, and accustomed to speak fluently when they wished to do so, should hiss, shout and stamp, pertinaciously and continuously interrupting the proceedings of the meeting, yet utterly refuse to accept the invitations which were always given, that those who wished to controvert the principles or the facts presented by the Abolitionists should do so by manly speech on the platform. Many persons found it hard to credit this; but examination showed that these tumults, which were most furious when the pro-slavery character of the Church was exposed, came very largely from the voices, boots and canes of reputable church-members, as well as from the thoughtless young men who served them as clerks, and ignorantly regarded them as real Christians.

The last two meetings of the American Tract Society have displayed similar tumultuous demonstrations, made by the same class of people in the same cause. The members of this Society and of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions form the most accurate representation possible of the piety of the country; they are the thoroughly matured fruit of the American religion, self styled "evangelical"; they already *are* what the Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, Presbyterian and Congregational clergy are trying to get the whole population to be; that is to say, the great majority church-members, and the rest in the stages immediately preceding church-membership. And it is these very people, most of them beyond middle life, and of ordinarily grave and serious demeanor, who, at the last two annual meetings of the American Tract Society, systematically shouted, hissed and stamped so as effectually to prevent the small minority of their "brethren in Christ," who held different views of the manner in which their common cause should be promoted, from either making their motions or giving their reasons.

As the priestly class have formally divided history into two departments, Sacred and Profane, so they are accustomed virtually and practically to assign all other subjects to these two classes, ranking the interests of the Church in the first division and all things else in the second. Thus they consider *human rights*, those rights which necessarily belong to every human being, as such, to be merely secular and profane, and thus always requiring to be held in subordination to the interests of the Church and of its rulers. A very explicit declaration of this very sort has recently been made in this very State, the pastors and elders of the Presbyterian Church in Cortland having brought up one of its members for trial before the Session upon these specifications, among others:

"(a.) That you attended the Universalist or Stone Church in this place on the Sabbath to listen to Wendell Phillips's lecture on Toussaint L'Ouverture, thus countenancing teachings that are plainly of a *secular and unchristian* character.

"(d.) As above, to listen to George W. Curtis on Fair Play for Women."

The Church (which has given these people what they regard as the most important part of their education) has never taught them to allow either rights to men or fair play to women. They consider secular rights as matters of very small consequence. They assume that the saints are to inherit the earth, and that they are the saints. Accepting the axiom current in this country that the majority is to rule, when *they* are on that side they see no objection to its ruling with a rod of iron, and suppressing the arguments and even the utterances of the minority; and it was an amusing instance of poetical justice to see Rev. Joseph P. Thompson—who has done so much (behind the screen of "impersonal editorship") to exclude freedom of speech from *The Independent*, and even to prevent the correction of falsehoods and calumnies which were gaining currency there—receive the same measure from his unscrupulous "brother in Christ," "Rev." Daniel Lord, in the late meeting of the American Tract Society. The minority had been mercilessly clamored down with shouts and hisses as soon as any one of them began to speak. Mr. Lord, on the other side, made an elaborate speech, and closed it by moving to lay the pending motion on the table, which would stop the further discussion of it. Whereupon Dr. Thompson asked—as if he had never before heard of, or imagined, any interference with freedom of speech or of the press—"does the gentleman mean *to cut off* ALL DEBATE?" And Mr. Lord promply gave him the categorical answer—"I do!"—following it up with the sarcastic intimation that *his* side of the question would find very full expression in *The Independent*.

The result of this meeting was precisely similar to that of last year's anniversary. The Society re-elected its Board of pro-slavery officers (thus unequivocally declaring its approbation of their course) by an immense majority, and clamored down every opposing proposition.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is composed not only, as we have said, of the same *sort* of people, but (to a considerable extent) of the very same individuals as the American Tract Society. Their meeting, however, was conducted with perfect quietness, solemnity and decorum. What is the meaning of this? *Why* were there no shouts, no hisses? *Why* did the venerable gentlemen whose canes were so active on Wednesday morning sit in the same building with such edifying quietness and solemnity on Friday morning?

In this case the reason is quite obvious. There was perfect quietness because there was perfect unanimity. Order reigned in Warsaw. And this order, this unanimity prevailed because Dr. Thompson of New York and Dr. Bacon of New Haven chose to acquiesce, without question or protest, in a pro-slavery position on the part of the Board, as unequivocal, as decided, and as pertinaciously held as that position of the Tract Society against which they have for several years made protest. Whenever, in any annual meeting of the Board, any one shall question the right of members in the Board's Mission Churches to hold slaves, or shall demand of the Board that they send Christian ministers instead of pro-slavery clergymen as missionaries among the Cherokees and Choctaws, we shall see the same turbulence, the same violation of justice, reason and the rights of the minority, the same exhibition of ill manners and bad morals which have given to the "tract management" its recent triumph. At present, not a single individual belonging to the American Board chooses to call it to account, either for the sake of the slaves who are bought and sold by its church-members, or for the sake of that Christianity whose name is now impiously usurped, alike by the slaveholding church-members who practise, the missionaries who defend, and the officers of the Missionary Board who license, the sum of all villanies.

MR. TILTON'S SPEECH.

THE first appearance upon the anti-slavery platform of a young man endowed with many of the finest attributes of popular eloquence and eager to consecrate himself to the cause of the slave's redemption is an event in view of which the older champions of that cause may well thank God and take courage. It is not often that their eyes are gladdened by such a spectacle, the temptations which draw the educated young men of the country toward more popular channels of intellectual labor and conflict being too strong to be resisted save by here and there one, who happens to be endowed with an unyielding backbone and inspired by an overmastering love of humanity and truth.

Mr. Tilton, whose speech before the New York Anti-Slavery Society we publish to-day, is a man whose clear intellect, elevated moral principle, manly independence of spirit, and simple-hearted devotion to Truth and Right, encourage the highest hopes as to his future career. He is certainly qualified both by education and fine natural abilities for eminent usefulness in the cause of the slave, to which we hope he may be induced to consecrate his life. Certainly no other enterprise of Christian philanthropy stands in greater need of such service as he is fitted to render to whatever cause he may choose devote himself. As his name will be new to most of our readers, we may gratify a very natural curiosity by informing them that he is but twenty-three years of age, a graduate of the New York Free Academy, the Superintendent of the Sunday School in H. W. Beecher's Church, and a member of the editorial staff of *The Independent*, though not by any means responsible for the compromising spirit of that journal, the control of its columns resting in other hands.

The merits of Mr. Tilton's speech lie in the soundness of its fundamental ideas, its clearness of thought, manly independence, geniality of tone, and comprehensiveness of view, while its faults are such only as are incident to youthful inexperience. That he should seek to defend Mr. Beecher, his instructor and benefactor, from censures which, in his too partial eyes, seemed unwarranted and unjust, was only natural; and if, in doing so, he presented a theory of Congregationalism that is *only* a theory, and one to which the practical workings of the system have never been conformed, his mistake is readily accounted for by the fact that he was not, like the leaders of the Anti-Slavery Movement, reared from childhood under its influence, and therefore his personal experience has not been such as to qualify him to form an enlightened judgment.

The plea that, as the Congregational Churches are independent of each other, to a certain extent, in matters of doctrine and discipline, an individual Church is not responsible for the action of another or for the relation of the denomination to slaveholding and pro-slavery Churches, is one with which the Abolitionists have long been familiar, and its fallacy has been demonstrated by experiences that they are not likely soon to forget. It will not bear examination for a single moment. There is among Congregationalists an organic unity, more tenuous, but not less real, than that of the Presbyterians and the Methodists, as we who were born in New England and have felt its power well know. Congregationalism, notwithstanding the ideal Independency which affords so convenient a covert from responsibility in relation to slavery, has a very effectual way of dealing with those whom it deems unsound in doctrine. If a Professor in a Theological Seminary, a President of a College, or the occupant of a pulpit, lapses into Unitarianism, Universalism, or any other form of "heresy," Congregationalism knows how to unfrock him, and is very sure to do it with very little ceremony. Illustrative facts of this sort are so abundant and so notorious that we need not stop to give examples. The theory of Independency presents no obstacle to action in such cases, and is not even thought of. But Congregational ministers by the score may vindicate slavery from the Scriptures—a Professor of Theology may prostitute his name and influence to shield the Fugitive Slave law from condemnation and cover the apostasy of Webster—the President of a popular New England College may teach the young men under his care that it is right to ignore the distinction between a man and a beast—an eminent preacher in Boston may write a book to reconcile the conscience of the country to slavery and the slave trade as ordinances of God for the salvation of souls!—and not even the most anti-slavery of his brethren, Dr. Cheever and Henry Ward Beecher included, will make the slightest effort to put in motion the ecclesiastical machinery which always works so readily and so effectually against heretics in doctrine! Mr. Tilton's fanciful theory of the absolute independency of the Churches is thrust forward at *this* point to excuse inaction and connivance. Meanwhile these ordained champions of the worst villany of the age are commended by the self-styled anti-slavery religious papers of the denomination—*The Independent* included—as eminent for piety and moral worth; instead of losing caste among their brethren, they mingle as before in revival prayer meetings, in Sunday School and missionary associations, and are assigned by professed anti-slavery men to places of honor in councils, conventions and ordinations. If they were even *suspected* to be unsound upon some abstract doctrine of theology, they would be promptly put upon their defence, and, if they could not show a clean bill of health, they would be sent into ecclesiastical Coventry with all possible haste; but as they have *only* lent themselves to the work of undermining the foundations of Christian morality and buttressing, in the name of Christ and his gospel, the most appaling iniquity of the age, professed anti-slavery men in the denomination plead a want of power to reach them! It is not, however, a want of power, but a want of inclination, that holds them back from duty in a case so plain as to defy even the sorcery of priestcraft to mystify it. If the Churches of New England were not rotten to the core, they would at once rid themselves of such ordained champions of man-stealing as Southside Adams and President Lord; and the Congregationalists of New York, with the thousand tenuous but vital cords that bind them to their brethren in New England remaining unbroken, are involved in responsibility for this palpable sanction of the greatest crime of the age.

Why do we press this point with such persistency in speech and print? Not for any personal reasons whatever, but because we deem it of the highest importance to the cause; because, from long and painful experience, we know the disastrous effects of dalliance with slavery and its defenders through ecclesiastical forms and the amenities of religious intercourse; because it makes us sick at heart to see the glorious words of freedom that fall from the God-touched lips of Cheever and Beecher shorn of half their power for lack of a consistent personal example on their part; and because we hope by our fidelity ere long to make their acts as noble as their words.

CONGREGATIONALISM ILLUSTRATED.—In a report of the proceedings of the New-School Presbyterian General Assembly, now in session at Wilmington, Del., communicated to *The Tribune*, we find the following paragraph, which illustrates one of the ways in which Congregationalism habitually lends itself to the support of slavery. We commend it to the particular attention of Mr. Tilton:

"It has been one pleasing fact in all the communications made to the Assembly this morning, that a cordial confidence has been expressed in the New England Congregationalists. The most pleasing exercise was the address of the Rev. A. E. P. Perkins, the Delegate of the General Association of Massachusetts, who, in a happy manner, expressed the salutations of the Congregationalists of Massachusetts to the General Assembly and the Churches under their care. He states the results of the great revival in their Church, augmenting their aggregate number over seven thousand, and in many other respects adding to their efficiency. As to temperance, he said they in Massachusetts had not lost their interest, but were looking earnestly to what was to be done, and how to do it. As to Slavery, they congratulated the Assembly on their present noble position and their past record on that subject."

The simple truth is, that there are thousands of slaveholders in the New-School Presbyterian Church, and that while it has been forced by public opinion to utter itself in a way which *seems* to imply hostility to slavery, it has never manifested the slightest intention to use its great influence to effect the abolition of the sin. Its pretences of anti-slavery are a sham and a fraud.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES F. HOVEY.

Our friend beloved, with whom we went
Along life's hot and dusty way,
With cheerful hearts for many a day,
Unto a distant land is sent.

We know that with a loving hand
God never yet hath ceased to give,
And that some other one may live
Within that vacant place to stand.

But though we know that this is true,
We cannot other do than fear.
Upon thy hand I drop this tear,
Brave friend! as now I say adieu.

And though God's universe is grand
And vast, yet still we do believe
(Nor, therefore, will too greatly grieve)
That we once more shall clasp thy hand.

Pennsylvania, 16th May, 1859. H. W. G.

SPEECH OF DR. A. H. HART

BEFORE THE NEW-YORK CHURCH ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, *In the Church of the Puritans, May* 11, 1859.

DR. HART, the President of the Society, having read several appropriate passages of Scripture, spoke as follows:

On the rock of these Divine truths we fearlessly plant ourselves, and, in the name of God, defy the gates of hell to prevail against us. Here is our charter of freedom—our bill of rights—the Word of God—both the Old and New Testament—in letter and in spirit a burning, fiery witness against the sin of slavery. It brands it as man-stealing, enrolls it in the same category with murder, and affixes to it the penalty of death. It teaches us the common origin, the common redemption, the common destiny, the universal brotherhood and the equal rights of man. It reveals his immortality, and thus invests the poorest outcast, the most abject slave, with a dignity and a majesty infinitely greater than any earthly rank or distinction can bestow.

The only basis of slavery is infidelity. Before you can claim the right to reduce your brother to the condition of a beast, or convert him into an article of merchandise, you must blot out Christianity, and cast your Bibles into the depths of the sea. O strange, incomprehensible infatuation, that the religion of Jesus should be deemed compatible with slavery!

One would have thought that it must have been universally abandoned as a fiction, and its wonderful story of Divine love, and all its beautiful inculcations of human charities, must long since have faded from the minds of men, before "the wild and guilty phantasy" could have been cherished for a moment that man can hold property in man. Well did the Archbishop of Canterbury remark, not long ago, to that noble martyr of freedom, Charles Sumner, that Christianity and slavery ought not to be mentioned in the same day. Yes! It is only when we forsake the light of Divine truth, and shut ourselves up in the dark caverns of scepticism, that such a monstrosity can be endured.

Engendered by idolatry, it should long since have been driven back to its native home. Here it is an insufferable anomaly. This nation is young, and, under the mischievous rule of corrupt politicians, the instructions of false priests, and the flattery of infidel philosophers, it is growing proud of its strength, and presumptuous in its material prosperity. But there is a worm in the bud. There is a fatal poison in the foundation of government. There are antagonistic elements in the very structure and frame-work of society, which must keep up perpetual collision. How can men be so irrational as to dream that forces so essentially, vitally, irreconcilably at war with each other as those of freedom and slavery, could dwell together in peace, or even long coëxist in the same country? We would imagine, also, that the thought which was wont to awaken alarm in the breast of the author of the Declaration of Independence, though a sceptic, would occasionally visit the hearts and consciences of those who profess to believe the truth of Christianity. "I tremble," said Jefferson, "for my country, when I remember that *God is just*."

How long may we hope to escape his vengeance? We trample in the dust a whole race of our fellow-beings. We call them "niggers," slaves, chattels, things. We hold them as property. We rob them of all their civil rights. We compel them to work without wages. We put them on the auction-block, and sell them like swine. We ruthlessly invade all their domestic and social relations. We deprive them of the ordinance of marriage, or, what is worse, we allow the form and then gravely declare it a fiction, and thus brand ourselves before High Heaven, not only as systematic imposters, but also as blasphemous triflers with a sacrament of religion. In like manner we make the baptism of their children a solemn mockery. We destroy all the sacred rights and obligations of husband, wife, father, mother, brother, sister. We steal the children at their birth—brand them as chattels—claim the absolute ownership of them, so that we may tear them from their parents at our pleasure.

We go still further in our wickedness and cruelty towards this unfortunate race. The madness of our impiety knows no bounds. We dare to encroach upon the sacred precincts of the soul—the soul which God made for himself and endowed with immortal powers. We withhold from them education, by law. We make it a penal offence to teach them to read the Bible, allowing them only oral instruction, and "discussing" for their benefit, in "a Christian and fraternal spirit," "those moral duties which grow out of the existence" of our wicked oppression, and "those moral evils which it is calculated to promote." And if, under all this insufferable provocation, insult, and wrong, the fire of manhood burns irrepressibly within them, and they fly for that liberty which their own ineradicable instincts have taught them was their birthright, and whose exquisite sweetness and priceless worth, perchance, some pitying angel has pictured to them in their dreams, we follow them with relentless fury, hunt them with ferocious dogs, and the whole force of the government is pledged to aid us in our villanous pursuit.

And yet every one of this persecuted race, even the meanest and most degraded, is a child of the Universal Father, infinitely dearer to his heart than this earth, with all its treasures, nay, than yon heavens, with all their glittering orbs. For them, as for us, Christ poured out his soul unto death, and in the last day He will say to their oppressors, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the *least* of these my brethren, ye did it not to *me*." And will He not now avenge his own elect who cry day and night unto him? "Verily, I say unto you, He will avenge them speedily." Well may the patriot say, "I tremble for my country." The bare recital of these legalized atrocities is enough to set the universe on fire.

But, meanwhile, where is the Church of this nation? Where are the descendants of the men who preferred exile to tyranny—who braved storms and cruel privations for freedom to worship God, and who made the isles of the dim wood ring to the anthems of the free? Where are the disciples of Christ? Where are the followers of Him, who, though He was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be rich? Of Him who, though He was God, and thought it no robbery to be equal with God, yet made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Himself the form of a servant, and became obedient unto death, even unto the death of the cross, that He might deliver us, who, otherwise, through fear of death, would all our lifetime have been subject to bondage—of Him whose appearance as the Babe of Bethlehem was celebrated by the angelic song, "Peace on earth and good will to man," and who in His first sermon announced it as His mission to "proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound"—of Him who went about continually doing good, opening the eyes of the blind, unstopping the ears of the deaf, curing all manner of diseases among the people, restoring the dead to the arms of widowed mothers and bereaved parents and sisters, and who left it as his dying injunction to his children that they should love one another even as *He* had loved them? Surely their hearts are burning under the consciousness of this sin! Surely they are weeping between the porch and the altar! Surely they pray day and night unto God, and pray unceasingly, that the suffering captive may be freed, and that this terrible reproach may be wiped out from the land! Surely the pulpits are thundering—the lightning of God's word is flashing—the Church, terrible as an army with banners, is fighting against the foe! Alas! However natural the expectation, it is doomed to disappointment. O deep, indelible disgrace! O burning shame! The Church *shields* and *protects* the *sin!* Here and there, indeed, in some of its branches, it makes, occasionally, a faint appearance of opposition, gets up a discussion, passes a few futile resolutions as a quietus to conscience, and files them away for future reference, and as a standing evidence of its fidelity on this subject. Meanwhile, the pulpits are padlocked—the ministry is dumb—the slave and his wrongs are excluded from the sympathies and prayers of the people—all allusion to them is regarded as a violation of wisdom—and there are few, indeed, apparently, who earnestly desire or are prepared to do anything for the immediate and utter extinction of slavery. The Church is intent upon its grand schemes of benevolence—overthrowing idolatry in the East—siding new churches in the West—giving the Bible to Turkey, to Africa, to the Islands of the Sea; but, absorbed in these vast designs, it overlooks the slight discrepancy that it systematically withholds that same Bible from four millions of native-born Americans, and sustains, by its silence and sanction, a system of diabolical processes and tortures, which nothing but the interposition of Infinite Wisdom and Mercy could prevent from effecting their eternal destruction.

What a spectacle! If anything on earth could cause a shade of grief to mingle with the light of heavenly joy, one would think that this would make the angels weep, and send a wail of sorrow through all the regions of the blest.

What can we do in this terrible emergency?

A few friends of the slave, deeply impressed with the sad and solemn crisis to which we have come, have organized this Society. It object is to unite in one body all who accept the Bible as a Divine Revelation, who regard slavery as sin, and desire its immediate abolition. We have ventured to hope that, amid the general defection, multitudes may be found scattered throughout the Churches of the land who have not bowed the knee unto Baal. Our platform is distinctively and exclusively Christian. Our trust is in God and his truth. We cast no reflection upon those who adopt a broader and what they are pleased to term a more catholic principle. If they find that Christianity and infidelity can work harmoniously and profitably together, we have no objection to offer, although, *à priori*, we should have imagined that elements so opposite and discordant would have conflicted as disastrously, in a great moral enterprise of this description as freedom and slavery have ever conflicted in the goverment of this nation. At any rate, we thus present a test to those who, though avowedly anti-slavery in sentiment, have hitherto stood aloof from the cause in consequence of a difficulty of this nature, whether real or imagined, connected with the only organization that seemed to possess vitality and power.

A terrible fallacy prevails in this country with regard to the true province and boundaries of Christian prudence. It is generally imagined that a man is at liberty to suppress the truth, even important, essential truth, if, on the whole, in his discretion, he deems it best for the peace of the Church, or the highest good of the community. And in like manner he may stand aloof from an important Christian undertaking, if he thinks that in some other less disagreeable way he may be able indirectly to further the object. Now, I conceive that this is a most dangerous heresy. We have no more right to withhold the truth from men than we have to intercept the light or the air. For truth is the life of the soul; and our highest duty and privilege here is to diffuse and extend it. Truth can never harm. It is indeed a two-edged sword; but but it only wounds to heal. It may create disturbance, but it is the disturbance of the hurricane which leaves a purer air and a clearer sky. Christ requires us to confess him before men, and suspends on our obedience this confession of us before his Father and the holy angels. But what is this confession of Christ? Is it a mere profession of faith in Him? In the early ages of Christianity, that was an ample test. It involved the loss of all things, even life itself. But now it is a passport to respectability and wealth. The true and emphatic confession of Christ, in every age, is the confession of His truth, and especially any portion thereof that may be despised and trampled in the streets. A Christian should be transparent. His principles should be engraven on his brow, and should come forth from the depths of his heart, spontaneously as a mother's love. He should not be able to suppress them. He should be an epistle of Christ, known and read of all men. His heart should leap forth with irresistible impulse to every organization and undertaking that aims to promote the welfare of man and the glory of God. He should have nothing to conceal, especially from his brethren. What! are they mere swine, that he may not cast his pearls before them? Alas for the Church, when its ministers and its members have to go about in masks, hiding the truth from each other, for fear of offending each other's prejudices in favor of sin. Ah! the wisdom of man is foolishness with God. It is this false prudence which has well nigh shorn the Church of its glory in this land, and brought it into such depths of debasement. It is this false prudence which has caused it, ever since the foundation of this Republic, to swing like a pendulum between freedom and slavery—presenting to the world the aspect of a Church weak, vascillating, time-serving, passing resolutions at Conventions and then deliberately expunging them, and utterly neglecting to apply the principles they embodied in the ministrations of the sanctuary—a Church rigidly insisting upon the restriction of the Gospel to the simple technical proclamation of Christ crucified, in order to allow the perpetual crucifixion of a whole race of his brethren on the cross of slavery to be carried on without rebuke—a Church expending its energies, not in exposing sin, but in censuring and beating down those who denounce it, and thus driving from its communion and fixing in an attitude of inflexible hostility men of high genius and noble hearts, who, for thirty years, whatever their errors or mistakes, have set an example of moral heroism before this nation worthy of their cause—a Church carefully adapting all its institutions and arrangements so as to conciliate the immediate perpetrators of this crime, receiving them, as a general rule, to Christian fellowship, and even when an objection has been made to this impiety, so modifying its laws of discipline with nice distinctions and justificatory circumstances as only to render its hypocrisy transparent and barefaced—a Church which has become the very bulwark of the sin which it was commissioned to destroy, its moral sense so perverted that it is beginning to transfigure the sum of all villanies into a system of righteousness or a missionary institution, and its sympathies so paralyzed that it can listen with stolid apathy and imperturbable silence to the groanings of millions. Never, never until it shall renounce this heresy of expediency, and learn, in true apostolic style, to proclaim the truth without fear or compromise, shall it be fitted to accomplish its glorious mission, or appear in any other light than a whited sepulchre. How true and beautiful is the apostrophe of the immortal Kossuth:

"Expediency! thou false wisdom of the blind and of the weak—thou murderer, reeking with the blood of slaughtered millions—thou who art always willing to barter for a tyrant's smile the groanings of millions—thou that weighest not consequences, but art ever ready to sacrifice to a moment's fear the justice of eternity, and to a moment's rest the peace and security of centuries! Expediency! thy pathway is like the pathway of sin! One step upon its glossy slope, and there is no stopping any more. 'Tis like the bridge of Milton, which leads, smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to hell!"

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

We publish Dr. Hart's stirring speech with great satisfaction. Its denunciations of slavery, and its description of the American Church as the chief bulwark of the nefarious system, are as just as they are startling. On these points, indeed, he talks like a good Abolitionist. In one respect, however, he does the American Anti-Slavery Society and Christianity itself an injustice which we are sure he will thank us for pointing out, more especially as he thereby involves himself in a glaring inconsistency.

The Doctor, after saying that the platform of the Church Anti-Slavery Society is distinctively and exclusively Christian, remarks: "We cast no reflections upon those who adopt a broader and what they are pleased to term a more catholic principle. If they find that Christianity and infidelity can work harmoniously and profitably together we have no objection to offer, though, *à priori*, we should have imagined that elements so opposite and discordant would have conflicted," &c. Now the Doctor is altogether mistaken in supposing that the American Anti-Slavery Society has been for twenty-five years trying the preposterous experiment of making Christianity and infidelity work together. That no infidel has ever stood upon its platform, it might be too much to affirm, since no human organization can, with infallible certainty, guard itself against the approach of the unworthy; but we do not hesitate to say that, in the state of society existing in the United States, the principles of the Abolitionists present an incomparably severer and better test of Christian character than is found in the creed or ordinances of any American Church. The Doctor himself confesses this truth when he says, that "the profession of faith in Christ" required by the American Church is no longer of any validity, being "a passport to respectability and wealth"; while "the true and emphatic confession of Christ, in every age, is the confession of His truth, and *especially any portion thereof that may be despised and trampled in the streets.*" In this country the truth of Christ that is most despised and trampled upon is the truth of man's inalienable human rights—the truth of universal and equal human brotherhood as illustrated in the story of the Good Samaritan; and consequently, upon the Doctor's own showing, this is the truth by which we are to test our popular Christianity. This is the test presented by the American Anti Slavery Society, and it is the genuine *Christian* test applied to our own age and time. The "technical proclamation of Christ crucified," which in the times of the Apostles was so searching and significant, is at this day of no account whatever, being made continually by slaveholders and their apologists all over the land. The representative of Christ in this country now is the black slave, chained, lacerated, sold on the auction-block, worked without wages, and doomed to ignorance and degradation; and those who obey God and follow the example of Jesus by espousing his cause in the face of reproach and persecution, give far better evidence that they are Christians than they could do by avouching their belief in any system of theological doctrines, however true or valuable.

Dr. Hart tells us that the platform of the Church Anti-Slavery Society is "distinctively and exclusively Christian." What makes it so, in his estimation? Not its *anti-slavery* principles, certainly, for in this respect it is on precisely the same ground with the American Anti-Slavery Society. Its title to be called Christian, therefore, rests, according to him, upon the fact that its members are required to "accept the Bible as a Divine revelation." Now we raise no question as to the truth of this doctrine, but we affirm that, in this country at least, it is *not* a *Christian* test, since slaveholders and their abettors, who are the worst of infidels, believe it as firmly as Dr. Cheever himself. Go through the Churches of the South, and you will find that ministers and laymen, though their garments are stiff with the blood of the slave, vehemently declare their belief in the infallibility of the Bible. It is one of the standing charges brought by Dr. Ross and other clerical defenders of man-stealing against Northern anti-slavery men—not Garrisonians alone, but men notoriously orthodox—that they are unsound in their views of the Bible. Even the *New York Observer* has repeatedly echoed this charge. The Bible issue, therefore, is *not* a practical Christian test, and the Church Anti-Slavery Society is not entitled to call itself "distinctively and exclusively Christian" because it has incorporated that test in its platform. It is entitled to that designation, if at all, *not* by what it holds in common with men-stealers and kidnappers, but by what it holds and performs in common with the American Anti-Slavery Society; while by rejecting the coöperation of true friends of the slave who do not accept an arbitrary theological test, it is even *less* Christian than the latter. Is not this plain?

Dr. Hart has often assured us of his belief that those leaders of the Anti-Slavery Movement whose theological views differ most widely from his own are, in spite of such difference, *Christians*. Can that then be a *Christian test* which, upon his own confession, excludes Christians from coöperation in a work of benevolence? We trow not. It is not indeed any argument against the infallible inspiration of the Bible, that slaveholders "torture its pages to sanction robbery, and crime and blood;" but the fact of such perversion *is* evidence of the worthlessness of the doctrine, at this day, as a test of Christian character; and we affirm that the application of such a test is not only without warrant of Scripture, but contrary to the example of Jesus and to the very spirit of Christianity. The American Anti-Slavery Society is, in our judgment, peculiarly *Christian*, in that it invites the coöperation of men, as men, without reference to theological opinions, and thus exemplifies the doctrine of universal human brotherhood, as taught by Jesus and his Apostles. The *Church* Anti-Slavery Society, on the contrary, in putting itself upon a narrower platform, exhibits a Pharisaic rather than a Christian spirit. It is "exclusive," indeed, but to call it "exclusively Christian" on this account is a lamentable mistake.

Dr. Hart says truly that "the only basis of slavery is infidelity"—that "it is only when we forsake the light of Divine truth and shut ourselves up in the dark caverns of scepticism that such a monstrosity can be endured"; and yet, O "strange, incomprehensible infatuation"! he persists in talking of those bodies which sanction this infidelity and quote the Scriptures in its defence, and which are deep in those "dark caverns of scepticism" where alone "the monstrosity can be endured," as, after all, Churches of Christ!

No, Dr. Hart! it is not the American Anti-Slavery Society that is trying the preposterous experiment of intermixing Christianity with infidelity—that dreams of the possibility of fraternal coöperation between Christians and infidels upon the same platform! You and those associated with you in the Church Anti-Slavery Society are trying that experiment, and dreaming of that possibility, in your Church relations. The Church of the Puritans itself has not yet dared to apply to those who seek for membership the true Christian test of the age. Is has within its bosom men who, tried by that test, are infidels, being false alike to God and man. Not long since it arraigned and suspended a member for what it deemed heretical opinions and practices respecting the Sabbath and the Christian law of amusements; but it has never arraigned and suspended anybody for holding and reducing to practice pro-slavery opinions, though the number of its pro-slavery members is, we believe, not relatively small. It stands connected by denominational ties with the Adamses, Lords and Blagdens who vindicate slavery from the Bible, and with the Bacons and Thompsons who have exhausted the art of priestly pettifogging in defence of the criminal course of the American Board. We submit that the infidels of whom Dr. Hart has reason to be afraid, and from whose polluting touch he and his friends should seek to preserve themselves, are not to be found in the American Anti-Slavery Society, but in the Churches from which they have not separated themselves, though they ought to scamper away from them as eagerly as Lot went forth out of Sodom. We are willing to make generous allowance for a temporary mental obfuscation on this point, and to bear patiently for a time this talk about the alliance of the American Anti-Slavery Society with infidelity; but we must remind Dr. Hart and those associated with him that they cannot much longer persist in echoing the false cry of the pro-slavery Church without seriously impairing the confidence which we have thus far felt, and which we hope always to feel, in their Christian integrity.

Dr. Hart quotes some very fine words from Kossuth about "expediency;" but we cannot forget that the Hungarian patriot, while in this country, not only refused to utter a word in behalf of the slaves, but consorted with and flattered their oppressors, in the hope that by so doing he might procure "material aid" for the redemption of his country from the Austrian yoke. If ever a man made "sacrifice of the justice of eternity" to win the smiles of tyrants, that man is Louis Kossuth. His example was in flagrant contrast with his words.

EMANCIPATION IN THE DANISH WEST INDIES.

EXTRACT of a letter from one of Rev. Theodore Parker's fellow-travellers, dated,

SANTA CRUZ, W. I., April 3, 1859.

[After giving a full and highly encouraging account of Mr. PARKER'S health, speaking particularly of his increased strength and ability to bear fatigue, with other favorable symptoms, the writer thus proceeds:]

"I often think how delighted you would be with the results of emancipation as we see them all around us, and have abundant opportunity to examine them; not, as with us, some individuals, or a family, set free, and earning a hard subsistence, under painful circumstances, in an ungenial climate; but twenty thousand people raised at once from the condition of cattle to that of responsible beings—protected (and assisted if need be) by the government; and all this in the tropical climate suited to their nature, and in the very houses where they once lived the miserable life of a slave. The pay sounds very low which the Danish government has fixed as the settled remuneration for their voluntary work; but so few are their artificial wants, and so easily and cheaply are all their necessaries obtained in this perpetual summer, that the thrifty and industrious already succeed in laying up enough to put themselves forward in the world, build a comfortable little home in town, and bring up their children to trades. They do not, like persons of some nations, lie flat down upon you, if you lend them a helping hand. On the contrary, they have great pride in being independent. Of course, it is not all *couleur de rose*. The profitable vice, for the masters' gain, which has always been encouraged among them, carries its poison among them yet; though they are gradually acquiring a pride of matrimony. We are pained with hearing of the whipping of children—but what have they known of better means of correction? When I see a coal-black woman sitting in the market, neatly dressed, behind her tray of bread which she has made, or of bananas her husband and children have raised, or of fowls which she has reared, and of which she is to receive the price for her family's support, then my heart leaps up with gratitude to the Father of black and white, who has given such great deliverance to his people in this house of bondage.

"There is a noble young man here, an Episcopal minister, who is laboring most wisely, unweariedly, and much at his own expense, for the moral and intellectual elevation of the colored people. Born in Tortola, educated in episcopacy, losing his patrimony by the emancipation, he has risen above all this, and, almost unaided by the whites who look coldly upon his labors and his projects, he devotes his energies and talents to this one cause; institutes schools and takes the charge of them, establishes humane and improving societies among the colored people, and is a constant benefactor to them. The tears would have been in your eyes this morning to see his Sunday morning school for adults, many of whom had walked five miles under this scorching sun to attend. He has established a day school for the children of his parish, and I was never so pleased with any school I have ever visited. He thinks the blacks capable of receiving as much instruction as the whites, judging from the two years of trial in this school. The progress has been surprising indeed. And yet, for teachers he has only two men, one crippled of hand by rheumatism, the other blind from infancy. The government will not aid him, he not being Lutheran, and his own purse has to supply most of the expenses."

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

OUR columns were so crowded last week with the proceedings of the Anti-Slavery Anniversary that we had no room to give any account of the annual meeting of the American Tract Society. At this late day we shall not enter into the full particulars, but simply put on record what may be important for future reference.

The meeting was held in the Academy of Music, the officers and members being admitted by ticket. The pro-slavery Managers had arranged their programme, with the full determination that the opponents of their policy should have no opportunity for discussion. In this, however, they were partially defeated, as they could not determine beforehand what shape the opposition would take. A motion having been made at the appointed time to proceed to the election of officers, Mr. R. D. Benedict attempted to offer a resolution, but was clamored down. The Rev. Dr. Patton then obtained the floor, and succeeded, after many interruptions, in introducing a preamble and resolution denouncing the African slave trade ("I mean the foreign slave trade, sir!"), alluding to the efforts to revive it, and directing the Executive Committee to issue tracts during the year that should be calculated to arouse and concentrate the religious sentiment of Evangelical Christians against it. Dr. Patton attempted to defend his resolution, but was pronounced out of order by Chief-Justice Williams of Connecticut, President of the Society, on the ground that the Society had no right to instruct the Committee. The Rev. S. Wolcott of Providence obtained the floor and offered an amendment to Dr. Patton's resolution to obviate this objection, but he was hooted down and silenced. The officers of the Society were then elected.

John Jay, Esq., obtained the floor and offered the following preamble and resolution:

Whereas, it was unanimously and solemnly adjudged by this Society in 1857, after long and careful deliberation, and in accordance with the unanimous report of the Committee of Fifteen, that those moral duties which grow out of the existence of slavery as well as those moral evils and vices which it is known to promote, and which are condemned in Scripture and so much deplored by evangelical Christians, undoubtedly do fall within the province of this Society, and can and ought to be discussed in a fraternal and Christian spirit; and

Whereas, at the meeting of the Society in 1858, the omission of the Publishing Committee to perform the said duty during the year then past was reported, with a special apology for the said omission at the said time

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.

NO. V.

MAY 9th, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: All Europe is engrossed with one topic at this moment; and I have no doubt of its interesting all manner of persons in the United States (all who can read newspapers) to such a degree as to spare me the necessity of saying much about the War in Italy, of which they will have otherwise informed themselves. Of the war itself the newspapers will tell you all that takes place. What I have to say is about matters not expressly revealed to the public, or not necessary to be explained to people at home. For instance, why it is that England is not fighting for the Italians, while sympathizing in their cause, and now beginning to hope that they may prove themselves capable of living tranquilly under free institutions. As to this latter point, the incidents which have occurred since I wrote last—the revolutions in Tuscany, Parma and Modena—afford the fullest evidence of the annihilation of the Mazzinian influence in Italy, and the unanimity of the people in all the States in their allegiance to Piedmont, and to constitutional government under the form which it assumes there. Nothing can be finer than the conduct of the Italians thus far, and it affords all the promise as yet possible of future nationality, such as has never yet existed there.

As to England not joining in their struggle, I need not repeat what I have said of our distrust of the Bonapartes as champions of freedom. This would be enough to make us hold our hands, if there were not prior reasons. But the fact is, we *cannot* go to war with Austria as long as she keeps terms with us. The treaties of 1815 make her mistress of Lombardy. The Bonapartes do not acknowledge those treaties, which were in fact framed against them; and they can therefore try to oust Austria from Lombardy; but no one can who was a party to that settlement of 1815. It is true the settlement was a bad one; and it is high time it was revised and amended; but this is work for a Congress, and no ground for any single State to break through it. We should have all Europe down upon us as law-breakers if we took judgment and decision into our own hands. Again, no risk must be run of provoking the strong Germanizing tendencies of our Court and Ministry, whom it is desirable to keep impartial, if possible—a small possibility enough, from their abhorrence of the French Emperor, and their close relations with the Royal families of Belgium and Prussia. Again, we must consider our own people. If the Italians are worth the conflict, they will work out their freedom, with French aid; and if they ever need our help, it will be when they find it difficult to persuade the French to withdraw, and leave them to manage their own affairs. If that time comes, we shall see what to do. The conduct of *The Times* newspaper in exciting the tremendous panic of last week must be a mystery on your side the water; and it is scarcely less so here. The tendencies of that profligate newspaper are in favor of Austria, as they were during the Russian war. On this occasion we can only suppose that, biassed by that interest, *The Times* found a mare's nest. It is not credible that it could have fabricated such a story as that of a Secret Treaty between France and Russia, to the detriment of England, as well as for the destruction of Austria. But for the intrepid confidence and coolness with which *The Daily News* withstood the statement and the panic which it caused, the ruin would have spread without bounds. As it was, the mischief done is enormous. Twenty-five failures took place at once on the Stock Exchange; several newspapers became intolerably offensive to allies, on this false information, and the injury extended much further than it could have done if Parliament had been in existence. It was the accident of *The Daily News* having sound information at the critical moment, and the ability and courage to act upon it, that there has been any recovery at all from universal uproar. One consequence is good. We are looking well to our defences. With the capture of the last rebel in India, our need of soldiers there ceases; and 100,000 may come home. It is yet more important that our young men (and not only the young) are organizing themselves all over the country, as a volunteer force, and practising the use of arms. Our country-gentlemen are a ready made cavalry, needing only a little drill and rifle-practice; and almost every town—beginning with Cambridge and its University—is preparing its volunteer troops. There is little probability that they will ever be called to use their military accomplishments; but it is a vast benefit that, in this age of vehement pursuit of business and study, men should be called forth by any adequate motive to develop their powers of limb and sense, in a social method, and for a high patriotic purpose. It is a consideration, though on inferior one, that our unscrupulous neighbor is likely to be deterred from any act of invasion, as his uncle was before him, by the prospect of such popular resistance as no modern invader could probably overcome. However, he is otherwise engaged at present; and the Czar is, evidently and naturally, strongly indisposed for war with anybody in Europe, and absolutely without pretext for a quarrel with England. He is not the Tartar that his father was, but of the German order of Russian Princes.

One question of interest to us at the moment is that which is, no doubt, prominent with you—how the negroes will be affected by this new enterprise of the Bonapartes. You will have observed, as we have, that the Regis contract seems to be not yet annulled. At least, there were lately two vessels of the firm in the Bight of Benin, doing mischief, though, I am happy to say, suffering severe loss. It does not appear that M. M. Regis and Co. can have grown rich by their contract; and very rich they must have been previously to bear such losses as their slave trade has caused them; but not the less do they inflict deadly mischief on many rising African communities, by reviving the notion of getting profit by other means than industry. We have mournful accounts of the efforts of chiefs in the interior to extinguish the palm oil traffic, and discourage commerce in commodities. On the other hand, we hail the arrival from Cape Coast of a new product—Indian corn, of which we are encouraged to expect more and more. The recent accounts of incendiary fires in some of the French colonies—as Martinique and Guadaloupe—are more portentous than surprising to those who have had opportunity to know (as we have from runaways), how the African "immigrants" are made slaves of, in the most exasperating way. If the war should, as seems the popular expectation, in some way dispose of the Bonapartes, there is every reason to hope that France would heartily aid us in the annihilation of the slave trade, in all its forms. Either a Republican government, or the Comte de Paris as King, would be our true allies in this; and the influence of France, duly exerted, could at any time control the action of Spain. The question is how to hold the Emperor of the French to his engagement that no more Africans should be carried to his colonies.

As for *your* slave trade—the importation of negroes into various parts of your Southern States—we suppose that your Northern citizens are going to take it up. It does not require to be an Abolitionist to resent and forbid so flagrant a breach of the Constitution, as it is understood all over the world. Your worshippers of the Union will surely feel it their business to stop the scandal before the ill-repute of it extends beyond the perpetrators.

We wonder what we are to think of the declaration imputed to the President that "the Monroe doctrine" is abandoned, and that therefore his government and ours can act together, without reserve, in Central America, in protecting the Transit Route and keeping off Filibusters. Before you get this letter, we shall possibly know whether Mr. Buchanan *has* said this, or anything like it, and what is meant by this recession from the ground of the Ostend Manifesto. In a month from this time it must be nearly decided whether we are to have a change of Ministry. It is hard to see how we can obtain one adequate to the needs of the time; but I trust there will be steadiness in our conduct and requirements at Washington, whatever changes may take place here. I believe you may accept the article on the West Indies, in the *Edinburgh Review* for April, as an indication of English views as to the employment of labor in our colonies, from our experience of the blessings of emancipation. I am myself sorry whenever any countenance is afforded to the immigration of Asiatic as well as African labor. I believe the plan to be unnecessary, at least in the West Indies, and in all social respects pernicious. But in every other view, that article is surely a lesson and a consolation to the whole world.

Before I conclude, I must refer to an incident of the last week—scarcely less interesting to many of your travelling countrymen than to us. Probably no one dwelling in England has contained so many Americans within the last forty years as the Poet Wordsworth's. Trains of them came every summer, and paced his terraces with him, and heard him recite his sonnets in his summer-house, and sat round his tea-table, and noted in their minds every picture and bookshelf in his library. On the forty-sixth anniversary of his entrance upon that cottage (May 5th,) it was thrown open for the sale by auction of the effects which his sons did not wish to retain. There was nothing whatever of intrinsic value left; but young yeomen rode thirty miles that morning, and ladies had come from London, to pick up some relic of the vanished household. It was very mournful—the crowding over that sacred threshold—the destruction of the cherished flower beds—the sale of the old sofa on which such colloquies had been held! Your travelling countrymen must now be satisfied with the traditionary interest of the place, if they henceforth visit Rydal Mount. That and the group of family graves in Grasmere churchyard are all now left of that strong local glory which has shone through half a century.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.....NO. III.

PARIS, 28th April.

SINCE my last letter we have lost one of our best men, M. Alexis de Tocqueville. His health, always very delicate, had, since last year, occasioned the gravest anxiety to his friends. He died of consumption on the 18th of April, at Cannes, aged only 53 years. I need hardly tell you in America how M. de Tocqueville acquired the high reputation he enjoyed; while yet very young, he went to America, and on his return published his famous book, "La Democratie en Amerique." In this work, which was an eloquent and philosophical analysis of the American Constitution and its effects, he showed qualities which caused Royer-Collard to exclaim, "This is the successor of Montesquieu." M. de Tocqueville has been in his public life a philosopher more than what is called a practical statesman. His mind was far above the tricks, concessions and petty plans which are so common among politicians even of the highest rank. Under the reign of Louis Philippe he never occupied any office, and sat in the Chamber with the moderate opposition. He immediately felt that the government, though more liberal and honest than any that France has ever enjoyed, was built on too narrow foundations. Its representatives were chosen by only a small minority of electors, and the majority of the people felt no interest in the matter; and was, besides, taught by a free press to consider the representatives more as enemies and oppressors than as friends and supporters. M. de Tocqueville had, in the true sense of the word, a cosmopolitan mind. He knew that what suits one people and race does not necessarily suit another, and understood that a thoroughly *English* government was not the best thing in France, where, the impulse of the heart being stronger than the dictates of freedom and reason, there must be a strong moral tie between the government and the people. They must have confidence in their leaders; yet if this confidence exists, it is but too easy for them to carry out all their plans and to lead a generous and lively people in whatever direction they choose. But if, instead of mutual faith, there be only fear and distrust, the whole machinery of power works in a hostile atmosphere and on artifical ground, and a revolution is imminent. M. de Tocqueville was one of the few who, though full of sympathy for the Orleans family, felt how unwise was the policy of their principal minister, Guizot, and to whom was evident the necessity of parliamentary reform. But a year before the revolution of '48 he prophesied it in solemn and mournful terms. By the studies of his life time, by his aspirations, and his intimate connection with the family of Lafayette, M. de Tocqueville belonged, as it were, to the traditions of our great revolution of 1789. He was, if I may so express myself, a Girondin. In the Parliament of Louis Philippe, he was little understood, and a natural pride kept him out of the common intrigues of the day. When the revolution of '48 broke out, he neither accepted it with the shameful haste of many of the supporters of the last reign nor attacked it with the fury of those who saw in a republic only anarchy, bloodshed and ruin. He had not prepared the republic, but was willing to give it a *fair trial*. He took his seat in the Democratic Assembly among the friends of what was then called the *moderate republic*, in opposition to the republic of '98. He supported with great sincerity General Cavaignac, to whose hand was intrusted the executive power in a moment of danger and civil war. When Louis Bonaparte was named President of the Republic, he chose M. de Tocqueville as one of his ministers, though they had never beforehand any personal intercourse. It was the policy of Louis Bonaparte at that time to surround himself with men whose honesty and reputation should cover the plans he already meditated against the republic. As soon as he was fairly in power, he began to corrupt the army and the press, to foment divisions, and to stir up the communists in order to frighten the higher classes into a despotism. This perpetual manœuvering was denounced by the bolder members of the Assembly. The ministers tried to control the President's action; but as soon as he thought himself strong enough, he dismissed them, and took in their places obscure men, ready for any emergency. From that day it was clear that a *coup d'état* was at hand. In the early morning of the 2d of December, 1851, M. de Tocqueville was, like almost all the members of the house, arrested in his bed and sent to prison; a few days after, while Paris was yet paralyzed by terror, one of the officers of Louis Bonaparte's staff went to Madame de Tocqueville, and, in his master's name, apologized for the necessity under which he had been placed to put M. de Tocqueville in prison. "You need not apologize," said she, in a tone worthy of her race (Madame de Tocqueville is an English woman); "I should have been inconsolable if my husband had not deserved the fate of all honest men."

Since these days M. de Tocqueville passed his time at his beautiful residence in Normandy, near the sea shore. There he lived the studious and tranquil life of a scholar, and completed his last and remarkable work upon the French Revolution, which, though not as widely known as the "Democratie en Amerique," denotes as much, if not more, reflective and philosophical power.

Before closing this brief account, I must not omit to tell you of M. de Tocqueville's visit to England two years ago. He met with a most brilliant reception everywhere, and visited the various members of the Orleans family, who received him with great distinction. At the expiration of his visit, the English government placed a steamer at his disposition for his return from Southampton to Cherbourg, which is but a few leagues from the ancient family seat of the Tocquevilles. This last honor was never mentioned in a single French paper.

M. de Tocqueville was a man of small stature. His face was delicate and had an expression of gentleness, with a slight touch of melancholy. He was very disinterested, and politics were to him not a business, but a duty. Of his sincerity and firmness I can give you *anecdotic* proof. I happened to be, two years ago, in a house where M. de Tocqueville was present. The master of the house told him he expected M. Guizot, and said, "I hope it will not be disagreeable to you to meet him. Since '48, we have all made many reflections and must forget many things." "I am very happy," said M. de Tocqueville, "to meet M. Guizot; but as to forgetting the past, I cannot and do not. Not only do I not regret the opposition I made to M. Guizot during 10 years, but this remembrance is one of the most satisfactory of my life." In two points M. de Tocqueville did not show as much spirit as appeared in this reply. I allude to his want of vigor with regard to American slavery and the question of the restoration of the Papacy in Rome. He disapproved of slavery, but never gave to his opinion an expression adequate to the subject. His American friends, as you may easily imagine, did their best to bring about this result, and to indoctrinate him in the cause so important to the country's welfare. What he disapproved in the Abolitionists was the unconstitutionality of their proceedings. To him a constitution was sacred, and especially the American Constitution, which had occupied so large a place in his studies.

He supported with all his power the expedition of France to Rome in order to reinstate the power of the Pope; not only in order to counterbalance the action of Austria in Italy, but also in a religious point of view. The successor of Montesquieu was a true Catholic, which Montesquieu was not. So much for the progress of the nineteenth century.

It would be very tedious to give you the full details of all the diplomatic negotiations which have brought the Italian crisis to its actual termination. The numberless propositions and counter-propositions have ended in the following determination of Austria. She sent an *ultimatum* to Turin requiring the Sardinian government to disband the regiments formed by the Italian volunteers. A refusal was to be considered as a declaration of war. It would be difficult to explain such a demonstration, which in a diplomatic point of view is a great fault, had not the patience of Austria been worn-out by the course of Louis Bonaparte, and at same time by the aggressive spirit of Piedmont.

At the very time the young Austrian Emperor threw the gauntlet in the face of Piedmont and France, Russia was ordering upon a war-footing three *corps d'armée*; and the Diet of Frankfort, on the proposition of Prussia, ordered the same preparations for the four *corps d'armée* of the Confederation. You must know that, by the rules of the Confederation Prussia, must furnish three of such *corps*, the small States *four* and Austria *three*. Each *corps* is composed of 3,200 men, and the total amount is 320,000. The French government is forming, on the other side of the Rhine, an army whose centre is Nancy, and which is put under the command of Marshal Pelissier, the conquerer of Sebastopol. Louis Bonaparte in person will command the army in Italy. At this moment several French divisions have already entered Piedmont by the Mont Cenis and Genoa roads. We must, therefore, expect that the contending parties will meet within a very short period. Nevertheless, the English government has once more offered its mediation, but before any answer can be returned it is to be feared that the work of violence will interrupt the work of diplomacy. It is not without deep regret that a lover of peace and liberty can see two powerful nations rush against each other with equal feelings of pride and hatred. The contest, though it may for a time be limited to the rich plains of Lombardy, will doubtless spread over all Europe. We hear already that Russia meditates carrying out in the Danubian provinces the plans defeated by the Crimean war. This will perhaps decide England to take her part in the struggle. In Germany the princes can hardly restrain the violence of the democratic feelings of the people. "War with France!" is the general cry. "We may be defeated once," says a German paper, "as our fathers were; we may be twice, thrice and even four times defeated. But in the end, the patriotism of seventy millions of men cannot fail to crush the overbearing ambition of Louis Bonaparte." A contest with him is considered the surest way to obtain more liberty from their frightened sovereigns, and to realize, in the spirit of a common work, the German Unity—the dream of every man in Germany, from the philosopher to the humblest countryman. It is very sad to see such bitter passions raging throughout Europe; to see old wounds reopened and witness progress expiring in the tumult of arms. Piedmont has already suspended her Constitution and invested her King with the dictatorship during the war. England has, in times past, made war for years without resigning her liberty. But, subdued to the dictation of Louis Bonaparte, Piedmont dares not follow her example. What will be the result of the actual crisis no one can foresee. Justice works her way through the confusion of human events, but it is not often that her work is performed with the sword.

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From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXLVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent explaineth his silence—His tribute to the character of Mr. Hovey—He waxeth meteorological and giveth the month of May its due—How he lost his vote—And how the vote went on the Two Years' Amendment—His opinion as to the same and his history thereof—He prophesieth as to propitiatory sacrifices—He remindeth the reorganization of the Massachusetts Courts—and checketh himself in mid-sermon, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, May 23d, 1859.

I FLATTER myself that your readers, as well as yourself, will have noticed a much to be lamented *hiatus* in the continuity of my correspondence—it being something over one calendar month since the date of my last epistle. It was occasioned originally by a much and ever to be lamented event. I mean the death of my dear and honored friend Charles Hovey. My regular day for writing to you came on that lovely May morning when his head was committed to the dust of Mount Auburn, and I could hardly be in a gossiping frame of mind that day. So it passed over for that time, and the next time I was in New York, and here it is five weeks since my last writing. You may well believe that I think nothing too much has been said in praise of Mr. Hovey. Though not on terms of extreme personal intimacy with him, I have known him well for many years, and have watched his life with the most sincere admiration. It is a long time since I came to the conclusion, which I have never failed to state on all suitable occasions for years, that Charles Hovey was the best man I ever knew. This, not merely that he was a sound Abolitionist and a most liberal and judicious giver to the poor, a courageous and independent thinker and talker, and one that kept himself singularly unspotted from the world; but that he should have done this while in the midst of the business of the world and the turmoil of affairs, and surrounded by all the temptations to shortcoming and silence with which an intolerant and self seeking generation assail a man who has his way to make, this it was that made his character admirable in my eyes. If to serve his fellow-man generously, wisely, continually, were to serve God, his life was a constant act of devotion. If to do good and pursue it, earnestly, disinterestedly, persistently, to receive and avow whatever commended itself to his mind as the truth, however hated, and to reject and repudiate whatever seemed to him false and mischievous, however worshipped, to do whatever he saw to be right at whatever of loss of profit or of reputation, be to deserve the Divine favor, rather than the acceptance of theological dogmas, he may be left without fear in the hands of God.

This present month of May seems to have been taking especial pains to reject the character of a dry month which some Meteorologophers had attempted to fix upon it. If it be true, as they affirmed (though how they found it out I have never learned), that the month of May in all the fifty-nines, since any records have been preserved, has been rainless, the line of precedents is broken this time, and in an uncommon number of places. You remember how it poured during the days of our Anniversary Meeting, as if the windows of heaven had been opened and it had been forgotten to shut them again. This was perhaps necessary to maintain the prescription by which St. Swithen claims to be always the patron saint of Anniversary Week. But the weather has been going on in the same unruly, obstreperous, head-over-heels kind of way hereabouts almost ever since, as if to show that it meant to make up for all the drynesses of the Mays of preceding centuries by its own inordinate madefaction. However, this is not without its contingent advantages, and I must do it the justice to say that it has made the grass and trees wonderfully green, now that the sun has at last succeeded in getting his head out of the wet blanket it has been hid in. No Bostonian, certainly, whatever may be his opinion of his own 'cuteness, can walk across the Common and conscientiously affirm that "there is nothing green about *him!*" In fact, there's nothing else. But we will not halloo before we are out of the wood, lest we should remind St. Swithen that it is Anniversary Week here now, and so provoke him to pour down some of the supplemental pailfuls which he usually keeps in reserve to dampen any excess of jubilation on the part of the saints who make their annual pilgrimage hitherwards.

By the way, my visit to New York deprived me of the opportunity I had been looking forward to of enjoying the rare luxury of a vote. You may remember that I announced my intention of voting against the Two Years' amendment of our State Constitution, it being an act that would in no wise recognize the Constitution of the United States. But, unluckily, it came on the very day that I had to leave home for New York, and so I was disappointed of my patriotic purpose. It was of no great practical consequence, to be sure, inasmuch as the Amendment was adopted by a large vote—altogether too large to be overcome by my vote, according to the way in which such decisions are made by a numerical majority. Were the question settled, as questions are determined in Quaker meetings, by the *weight* of the parties taking action, I flatter myself that my ballot might have turned the scale the other way. But, as it was, the people of Massachusetts have determined that emigrants shall stay two years longer than is now required before they are permitted to take part in the manufacture of Governors and Congressmen. My objection to the measure is that it was a sop to quiet the Know Nothings, and buy them over to support the Republican wire-pullers. For though it is right enough that an Irish bog-trotter or German boor should pass through a certain political cultivation before taking part in the process of government-making, the laws now in force, requiring naturalization and six months' residence, seem to be all that shou'd be required, assuming that our system of *quasi* universal suffrage is the correct one. The Know-Nothings, however, demanded this further concession as the condition of their supporting the Republican ticket in the State. Hence the proposition, and its passage through two successive Legislatures to the tribunal of the people themselves.

All went smoothly enough for awhile. Governor Banks and Mr. Wilson were respectively elected to the offices they desiderated, and the supremacy of the allied forces in the State was established satisfactorily. But presently a cloud began to gather in the Western horizon, which, though meteorologically irregular, threatened to brew up into a regular north-easter. The German emigrants in that section, who were generally Republicans, took fire at this affront offered to foreign blood—for such it was and was meant to be—and threatened to break off with the Republican party, and let it go to thunder, if it were persisted in. This gave great concern to Republican politicians everywhere. Many of their newspapers took strong ground against the very measure their own party had passed, and urged the people to reject it at the polls. Mr. Wilson wrote two letters against this little idol of the sect which had helped to set himself up as one of its faithful disciples. Your New York papers, such as the *Tribune* and the *Evening Post*, urged the liege to give it their sober second thought, and the go-by at the same time. Mr. Carl Schurz came on from Wisconsin, as I told you, to utter the voice of the Western Vaterland on this matter, and a very fine speech he made. But it was no go. Either a considerable proportion of the inhabitants did really think that the amendment was a good one, or they were nettled at outsiders undertaking to control their action in a matter which they thought only concerned themselves; but, any way, enough went to the polls and voted in favor of the same to make it part and parcel of the law of the land. I do not care particularly about this decision on the grounds upon which it was opposed, viz., that it would damage the chances of the Republican party; but I am sorry for it on the general ground of public policy and substantial justice to emigrants to the country. If the Germans do actually go over to the Democrats, or take any other course that shall defeat the Republican party next year, it will only show that they are allies whose prejudices are stronger than their principles, and of no particular account in the day of battle. But I do not imagine that the Germans will make the Republican party a sacrifice to their nationality. They will probably content themselves with demanding that Governor Banks, who doubtless might have strangled the measure in the Legislature, be made a scape goat to carry the sins of the party into the wilderness watered only by the Salt River.

Another measure of our Republican Legislature, the justice and policy of which is even more questionable, was the removal of some nine Judges, by a change in the constitution of the Courts. The justice of the State was administered under the Supreme Court, by a Court of Common Pleas, consisting of seven or eight Judges, which did up the work of the rural districts, and a Court established especially for the necessities of the city, called the Superior Court, with three Judges. On some pretence of convenience, or, as some say, because some incompetent men had climbed upon the bench in the Know-Nothing times, both these courts were abolished, and one new one created, with about the same number of Judges. If the first reason were the true one, it is hard to see how the despatch of business can be much increased by the change; and if the second, it was surely a very bungling way of going to work to decapitate half a dozen competent magistrates, for the sake of getting rid of two or three incompetent ones. They had better have followed in the way we taught them to go for the elimination of Judge Loring from the judiciary. It seems to be the very worst way of making the judicial office uncertain. Where your system of elective Judges is adopted, the Judges know what to expect, and make their calculations accordingly. But where the philosophy of a State is that the Judges shall be permanent officers, removable only for misconduct or by address, a man leaving practice for the bench does it with the just expectation that he is provided for for life. And such an one has just cause of complaint if he find himself turned out of office by a mere partisan manœuvre. I know one such case of a gentleman of the highest standing at the bar, in one of the Connecticut river towns, who gave up a practice worth double the salary of a Judge of the Boston Court, and removed his family to this neighborhood, in the reasonable belief that his appointment was for good behavior, and not at the caprice of the Great and General Court. And now, after two or three years, he finds himself cut adrift from his moorings, to begin his voyage over again. And I presume the majority of the dismissed Judges are in the same predicament. Your system is certainly much better than this one, which renders all the Judges in the State, excepting those of the Supreme Court, liable to removal by act of Legislature, at every change of party, to enable every fresh Governor to reward a fresh batch of his creatures. It has all the vices of the elective system, without its distinctive benefits. But I must stop preaching, for I see my congregation is beginning to doze.

D. Y.

LETTER FROM THE REV. SAMUEL AARON.

IT is due not less to Mr. Aaron himself than to the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society that we should publish the following letter, which is not only an explanation of his failure to speak at our late Anniversary, but a weighty and most welcome testimony to the value of the cause and of the Society's labors in its behalf. For the information of the younger portion of our readers, we may state that Mr. Aaron is a Baptist clergyman, whose fidelity as a champion of the anti-slavery cause for many years has won for him the gratitude and love of its friends and the hostility of its foes. We shall hope to hear his eloquent voice at our next Anniversary.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., May 19, 1859.

MR. OLIVER JOHNSON—*My Dear Friend:* I did positively promise our friend, Mr. McKim, to be on your platform on Wednesday forenoon, the 11th inst.; but circumstances *almost* compelled me to spend the preceding night from four to five miles from your place of meeting, and the weather was so wet and chill, and the state of my health so critical after more than six months of very painful neuralgic lameness in my hip and leg, that I felt afraid to turn out in the rain and cold.

I am sorry that I was hindered; for I have much cause for gratitude to your Society, and a number of valued friends among its members. Further, I honor its invincible patience, perseverance and faith; and believe, as I live, that God has used it as an engine of moral power incalculable in moving the understanding and the heart of this nation.

I honor also your free platform, where padlock and trammel of lip and mind are flung away. Indeed it is an expanse, rather than a platform, where earnest souls move freely among one another, like birds of the air. What equilibrium there is is produced by *gravity and impulse*, like the system of the spheres; incessant motion in *different planes*, with no tendency to dead consolidation.

It was my purpose, in a little speech, to praise God and the truth, and to argue that Divine Revelation is the intellectual basis, and the Divine Spirit the soul-moving agent, of the Anti-Slavery enterprise. My sentiments harmonize with those of Dr. Cheever.

I shall be glad, if permitted, to participate in your next meeting. Your friend very truly, SAMUEL AARON.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

A copy of Dr. Cheever's work, *God against Slavery*, was recently sent to the Queen of England, by one of his friends. Sir C. B. Phipps sent a most courteous reply, to the effect that Her Majesty was graciously pleased to accept of the work.

The new Government of Hayti has sent two special envoys to the Courts of England, France and Spain, for the purpose of making those countries officially acquainted with the establishment of the Republic, and of concluding commercial and other treaties for their mutual advantage.

The last Annual Report of the Edinburgh (Scotland) Ladies' Emancipation Society contains original letters from Thomas Garrett, of Wilmington, Del., who has passed 2,160 fugitive slaves into Canada; from J. Miller McKim, of Philadelphia, of whose visit to Great Britain, in 1853, the Society retains a most pleasant recollection; and from Sarah Pugh, of Philadelphia, who was also in England in 1852–3, and who, in her intercourse with Abolitionists there, rendered most valuable service to the cause.

The Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society has exerted itself to the utmost against the W. I. Immigration scheme. The British Government, however, in spite of all remonstrances, has sanctioned the Immigration Act passed by the Jamaica Colonial Assembly. If the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society would only employ its energies to keep the anti-slavery spirit alive in Great Britain by a persistent agitation of the question, and by a hearty coöperation with American Abolitionists, its chances of success in measures like that above referred to would be vastly augmented. In its present torpid condition, and while pursuing, as it has so long done, a dog-in-the-manger policy, its influence must be, in some respects, exceedingly pernicious.

The Secretary of the Society for the Abolition of the Slave Trade at Rio Janeiro, in a letter which we find in the *British Anti-Slavery Reporter*, says that the question of emancipation is making rapid progress in Brazil. Private societies have been organized in various provinces of the empire, for the purpose of liberating slaves. Owners of slaves, on dying, almost always liberate those slaves who have served them well—particularly nurses of children, who have been faithful. Female slaves, approaching white, instead of being sold, as in this country, at a high price, for a life of shame, easily find the means of purchasing their freedom. Slaves who have performed any act of heroism for their masters usually receive their freedom as a recompense. The thoughts and feelings of the Brazilians in general are very different from those of the North Americans with regard to the emancipation of slaves; and the writer says that they would see with horror among themselves the immoral means that are resorted to in the United States for the indefinite prolongation of slavery.

OBITUARY.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHIN the past week we have been called to the performance of a painful duty—that of attending the funeral of SAMUEL BETTLE, a prominent and useful member of the Philadelphia Junior Anti-Slavery Society.

In tribute to his memory we would testify to his steadfast labor in behalf of the slave, and his earnest endeavors, as a Christian, to fulfil the duties of man to man. By his example the hearts of many were led to inquire concerning their own standing toward this righteous cause, and his early devotion to the interests of humanity was an earnest of his future usefulness. His young friends and co-laborers mourn his loss, feeling that they have been deprived of a strong arm of support; the aged sympathize in sorrow. To all may it be an incentive to firmer resolves, more efficient labor, rather than cause them to hang their hands in despair.

A.

Philadelphia, 5 mo. 23d., 1859.

Another correspondent, after mentioning the sad event, says:

That we who remain may be encouraged to greater faithfulness and more earnest labor, I desire briefly to notice the rich legacy he has left us. Educated in the Orthodox Quaker Church, where his efforts were necessarily circumscribed, his love of justice and hatred of oppression early revealed to him duties requiring sacrifices not easily performed, for in his case independence of thought and action was construed into infidelity to God. After vainly endeavoring to rouse the consciences of his young friends in that Society to a sense of their sinful apathy, he joined our ranks and gave to our movement the benefit of his clear judgment and the sympathy of his generous heart. His loss is a sudden and sad shock to us as personal friends and a most unexpected blow to our cherished hopes.

R. P. H.

TWENTY-FOURTH PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, AND NATIONAL BAZAAR.

THE Committee of Management of this well-known Fair, in making their annual announcement, have, this year, to advertise a new arrangement which they have made for the promotion of that great cause in aid of which their Bazaar has been annually held for nearly a quarter of a century. It is that our next Bazaar is to be National in its character, and not, as heretofore, a Pennsylvania institution alone.

The National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, which has been held, in the city of Boston, during many years, and has been so widely and favorably known on both sides of the Atlantic, having given place to another method of obtaining funds for our cause, it has been judged a wise measure that the Pennsylvania Fair should be now made National in its character. As our whole enterprise, in all its departments, is truly one, and best known, both at home and abroad, by the name of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its affiliations, it is sufficient to announce that one-half of the profits of our Fair will be put into the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the other half, under the direction of its auxiliaries, will be used for the promotion of our cause, in Pennsylvania.

It can scarcely be necessary even to advert to the character of the means by which our enterprise is conducted, so well are they known, both at home and abroad. It is sufficient to say that in the weapons with which we commenced this conflict, and which have, in all ages, proved "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" of evil, we confidently trust for complete victory. Still less is it needful that, in such an announcement as this, we should enter on an exposition of our well-known principles. We call upon all who love and value those principles to aid us in their dissemination.

To the friends of our cause in Europe, whose generous gifts have for many years been made to the Boston Bazaar, we say, let your contributions of money be devoted to our cause, through the medium of the Boston Anti-Slavery Festival, which has taken the place of that Bazaar; and permit us, if you please, to be the recipients of your other gifts which have been annually sent in various forms of articles of merchandise, to our coadjutors in Massachusetts. These products of your industry and taste and skill, these contributions from the shops and warehouses of your artisans and manufacturers, we can transmute to money, which money we shall receive as a sacred trust from you, to be appropriated, with our utmost fidelity and wisdom, to the abolition of American slavery.

To our friends and coadjutors at home, whose willing hearts and active hands have ever been quick to aid us in this department of our labor, we need to make but one suggestion. We merely remind them that as our Fair is, this year, to have a broader basis, and to extend its operations, it will require of us all somewhat larger gifts than heretofore, of labor, time, or money, according to our ability.

Our Bazaar will be opened in CONCERT HALL, in the City of Philadelphia, on Monday, the 12th, and will continue until Saturday, the 17th day of December, 1859. Contributions of money or of articles of merchandise will be gratefully received, and may be sent, at any time, to the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Office, No. 107 North Fifth street, or to any member of the Committee. We trust that our friends, in the city and country, will be prompt in assuring us of their hearty and active coöperation.

The present aspects of our cause are full of encouragement; abounding proofs that our past labors have not been in vain bid us be of good cheer, while the magnitude of the work before us urges us onward to new toils and greater victories.

SARAH PUGH,	EMILY W. TAYLOR,
ANNA M. CHILD,	EVELINA SUPPLEE,
MARIA M. DAVIS,	EMMA PARKER,
REBECCA S. HART,	MARTHA KIMBER,
MARY GREW,	CLEMENTINE G. JOHN,
SARAH PIERCE,	SARAH KENDERDINE,
HULDAH JUSTICE,	ANNA M. HOPPER,
ABBY KIMBER,	ELIZABETH GAY,
RACHEL WILSON,	LYDIA GILLINGHAM,
LUCRETIA MOTT,	JANETTE JACKSON,
SARAH C. HALLOWELL,	MARGARETTA FORTEN,
MARTHA A. GALVIN,	MARGARET A. GRISCOM,
ANNIE SHOEMAKER,	GULIELMA M. JONES,
ELLEN M. CHILD,	SARAH A. GILLINGHAM,
SARAH A. MCKIM,	AGNES CRAIN,
REBECCA PLUMLY,	HARRIET D. PURVIS,
LYDIA WHITE,	MARY T. STICKNEY,
MARGARET J. BURLEIGH,	SUSAN W. SHAW,
ROSANNA THOMPSON,	ELIZABETH CLENDENNON,
HANNAH L. STICKNEY,	MARIA CONKLIN,
MARY SHAW,	SARAH S. CHILD.

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.

WE ask the particular attention of the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause to the following new series of tracts, just issued by the AMERICAN and MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETIES. They afford an excellent opportunity and means of aiding the cause, and of disseminating its great truths and principles. A little money expended in them may be made to accomplish a great good. These tracts may all be had at the following low prices: by the *hundred*, $2; *dozen*, 30 cts.; *single*, 3 cts. Apply at the Anti-Slavery Offices, 21 Cornhill, Boston, and 138 Nassau street, New York.

GREAT AUCTION SALE OF SLAVES AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA. Reported for *The Tribune*.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE FREE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. By Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, before the Committee on Federal Relations, of the Massachusetts Legislature, in behalf of the Petition for a Law against Slave-hunting.

NO FETTERS IN THE BAY STATE. Speech of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, on the same occasion.

SPEECH OF CHARLES C. BURLEIGH at the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society—"No Slave-hunting in the Old Bay State."

SPEECH OF REV. HENRY BLEBY, Missionary to Barbadoes, on the Results of Emancipation in the British West India Colonies.

SLAVERY AND THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS. By C. K. W.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON. By C. K. W.

MR. BEECHER AND THE UNION.—Mr. Beecher's rousing speech before the Boston American Tract Society, portions of which will be found on the fourth page, contains these striking words:

"Indeed, I fear that this people is too selfish ever to break asunder. Our danger is not in disunion. The Devil has too large investments in this land to admit of disunion. There is nothing that Satan would gain by it—much that Christ might."

What interest has Mr. Beecher in the Devil's "investments," that he should wish to cheat Christ of his gains by preserving the Union? We have high authority for saying that where the treasure is, there will the heart be, and the phrase "*our* danger" seems to imply that Mr. Beecher has formed a very objectionable copartnership. His *naïveté*, however, is admirable. It is not every man that would confess so freely the grounds upon which he feels an interest in the Union.

POSTPONED.—We have on file for publication at the earliest possible moment a very interesting letter from the Rev. HENRY BLEBY, of Barbadoes, W. I.; also a letter from Cecil County, Maryland, giving an account of a case of terrible injustice under the operation of the slave laws of that State. They will appear next week, if the proceedings of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention do not occupy so much of our space as to compel a further postponement.

NEWS FROM CHARLES SUMNER.—A letter in the Boston *Transcript*, from Rome, under date of April 28th, says: "I passed last evening at Mrs. Story's, wife of the sculptor, and there met the Motleys and Charles Sumner. The Senator looks decidedly better, and considers himself now in a fair way of recovery. He thinks the treatment he has received has been marvellous in its good effects, and is quite satisfied to have gone through with it."

MARRIED.

GIBBS—ALEXANDER—In Kerkuk, Iowa, May 1st, Mr. Mellin W. Gibbs, of Victoria, Vancouver's Island, to Maria Anne, daughter of Henry Alexander, of Maysville, Ky.

CARY—BIBB—In Hamilton (C. W.) May 6th, Mr. Isaac N. Cary, of Toronto, to Mary E. Bibb, of Windsor, C. W.

FRANCIS—BROOKS—In Salem, Mass., May

THE STANDARD.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

[CONTINUED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.]

Lombard street, London, to launch the anti-slavery enterprise. It was made up chiefly of Quakers, of one or two laymen, and Granville Sharpe. The question was, How shall we shape this great movement? Shall we turn it against slavery itself in the islands, or shall we seek the half-awakened conscience of the nation, and turn it against the odious slave trade? The Quakers and laymen of the Committee said, "We dare not lift our hands and voices against the colossal power of the West India interest, anchored in fabulous amounts of wealth, defended by the public sentiment of Great Britain, indorsed by the Churches. We will lose our labor if we touch it. Here is a little branch of the system of trade; men already hate it; we will attack that; and when we have cut off the trade, we will proceed to cut off the system." Granville Sharpe walked up and down the room, says an eye-witness, holding his hands up in solemn protest against this compromise with wealth, public opinion and religious sentiment. He said, "Gentlemen, you will incur no greater odium by attacking the very root of the tree than you will by touching the branches; and by doing that, every man will see, at a glance, the consistency of your rebuke. You save your character, you save your influence, you vindicate religion, you save half a century, you save the slave." They turned aside, compromised, were politic. They said, "We will gain peace; we will get inside of the Church and of the mercantile interest; we will do this thing adroitly, and better than in the way you propose." He left them with the solemn warning—"You are tampering with justice. God, when he founded the universe, made it certain that every bargain with the devil should weaken the man who makes it" (applause).

Fifty years rolled away. Wilberforce lay upon his death-bed. When they brought him the news that a project was already entertained for the emancipation of the slave, it is said that he repeated then, what he had said twenty years before, when the slave trade was abolished—"The great mistake that we made was when we shut our ears against Granville Sharpe, and attempted to be wiser than God, and more powerful than truth" (applause).

Now, what Granville Sharpe did in 1783, with the Phillipses and Clarksons of Lombard street, we do to-day with Dr. Cheever and Henry Ward Beecher (applause). We exhort them to believe that justice is expediency, and that God's truth is the greatest strength that any moral enterprise can have (applause). I want to show that we are doing just that; that we are doing it as lovingly, as brotherly in spirit, as Granville Sharpe remonstrated with his associates, without any feeling of bitterness, willing that they should walk on the heights of anti-slavery interest and influence, and gather the harvest of popular confidence and appreciation; not envious of either, but only desirous that they should use the talent God has given them for the greatest service of the slave. I thank God, in all seriousness, that he has not put me under that momentous responsibility under which he has placed Ward Beecher and Dr. Cheever. I do not know that I could stand under the temptation which assails them; but, afraid of it, and standing outside of it, I can see the game better than the players, and I am bound, for the slave's sake, to say what experience has taught me.

Our friend thinks I have not been just to Dr. Cheever. Let me ask him one question. Where has Dr. Cheever been this morning? He has been at a meeting of the Church Anti-Slavery Society. Let me say, before I go on, one thing. No man on this platform requires Ward Beecher or Dr. Cheever to come here; no man requires them to join the American Anti-Slavery Society. All we ask of them is to assume the same attitude toward the religious and political mistakes and crimes of the day which this Society assumes. If they prefer to labor separately, we say amen! But we have labored on this platform for twenty-five years; and if we did not think it the best method, of course we should not waste our time in pushing it. That is the reason why we ask them to come here. Where has Dr. Cheever been this morning? At a meeting of the Church Anti-Slavery Society. His young friend, who came to our platform last night—Mr. Gilbert—is understood to have said that not the keenest eye of a Philadelphia lawyer could distinguish between their platform and ours. "They are identical," he says. I have not examined theirs, and therefore cannot say aye or no to the proposition; but I take it for granted that what he states is correct. Why, then, does Dr. Cheever go there, instead of coming here? Why does he call it a "Church Anti-Slavery Society"? My friend, to-night, says that his connection with the Church, in consequence of the flimsy organization of Congregationalism, is so equivocal, so slight, that really he does not thus give any religious support to slavery. If that be so, why does he go and meet in a separate room, under a different name, with different associates from ourselves, when their principles are identical with ours? Is it not evident as noon-day that he means to make an anti-slavery movement under the auspices of the so-called American Church?—that whether he is Congregational or Presbyterian, he chooses that Europe shall look over to America, and say, "Behold, now, the American Church grapples with the devil of the Carolinas!" and the heart of every church-member of Europe shall rise up and say, "I, too, am a Christian; see the mighty work Christianity is doing on the other side of the water." He means to show that the American Church is with her heart in the right place. Now, there is the root—the fork at which we separate. We believe that the American Church is rotten at the core (applause and hisses). Why these hisses? Who educates the American people? The noblest men and women whom God creates are carried over your railroads as freight. They dare not tell their names in the great streets of your capital cities. They are hiding by day, and journeying under the cover of midnight, until they set their feet in Canada. No river that has not been stained by the blood of Abolitionists—that has not received into its bosom the press which the public opinion of the community would not allow to utter anti-slavery sentiments! The Fugitive Slave bill a possibility; thirty men on trial in Ohio, and, so far, every one convicted, whose offence was obeying the Sermon on the Mount! Who educated this people? A type of manhood, if you choose to call it such (I do not), sits in the Presidential chair, the like of which cannot be found this side of hell! (applause)—the lees of a worn-out politician—a political slave, who only differs from the black one on the auction-block of the Carolinas in the fact that one is black outside and the other is black inside (laughter and applause). Who educated these thirty millions for the last thirty years? The American Church leaned over their cradles, with their mothers' smiles, took the babe at baptism, gave it its first pulse of religious life, walked by its side through boyhood, ministered to its education, stood by it at every sacred, impressible moment of life—marriage and death, rejoicing and sadness! A slave-hunting, woman-whipping, soul-selling people, not knowing yet the difference between a sheep and a man—who educated them? The American Church, whose moral sense groans out of forty thousand pulpits. I hold the Church responsible for the character of the nation, which God gave, as a new-born babe, into its hands, and said, "Educate for me this people." Here is the result! (Applause).

Now, I say, such a Church is no Church of Jesus Christ (applause). As that dear brother who has gone—God bless him with soft gales and better health!—to the sunny skies of the West Indies—as Theodore Parker says (applause), they are the Churches of commerce, not the Churches of Christianity. Now, here is the radical difference: Dr. Cheever cannot deny the momentous influence of this religious sentiment. My young friend touched the Bible. I know its importance as well as he does. He said, "Let no man call me an infidel." Dr. Bethune! honor me with the name of infidel, if you call yourself a Christian! (Applause.) If I had children to bear my name, I would claim it as the proudest legacy that I could leave them that history should record of me the fact that, at a time when metropolitan pulpits preached slaveholding as a duty, men honored me by calling me an infidel (applause). I know the value of the Bible; I found my hope of emancipation on the religious sentiment of thirty States. How may I reach that sentiment? My friend gave us a speech, clear, logical and eloquent; that is *his* way. Now, I will tell you mine. The masses do not read, and cannot stop to follow out a chain of intellectual inferences. They understand facts. God gives us men as texts. There stands Dr. Cheever in a Congregational pulpit; Ward Beecher holds his left hand; Dr. Blagden, of the Old South, who thinks St. Paul would have bought and sold slaves, holds the other. The American people, who have been listening to the Congregational Church for fifty years, look upon that trinity of influences. They say, "Our fathers have used this Bible as these men understand it, singing from the same hymn books, sitting in the same pews." Outside of that pulpit stands Parker Pillsbury; he cannot say words against slavery as bitter as Dr. Cheever; when he has stirred his soul to the depths, he cannot thunder so like Isaiah. Why does the Church tolerate Dr. Cheever a hundred per cent. more quietly than she tolerates Mr. Pillsbury? Why has the latter been followed for a dozen years with every ingenuity of libel and misinterpretation, while Dr. Cheever is answered and argued with? Because the Church remembers that every brave word that Dr. Cheever utters is a jewel in her crown; for it is proving to those outside infidels and doubters that a man can stand robed in Congregational black silk and ministerial gown and still out-do the strongest voice on the anti-slavery platform in rebuking the slaveholder.

Now, is Dr. Cheever willing to strengthen the American Church? If he is, he is in the right place; if he is not, he is in the wrong place. Is he willing to put a salve on the religious sentiment of New England? If he is, he is in the right place; if not, he is in the wrong place.

There was an installation in Brooklyn within a year or two—of Dr. Burlington, I think. Ward Beecher was at it; by his side sat Dr. Blagden, and I think Dr. Adams, the author of the "South-side View." Ward Beecher has uttered many a noble word. If I could envy any man the gifts God gave him, I would envy those lips which God's own hand has touched and consecrated to the service of humanity. But ten years of devoted service—aye, though he sends us loving apostles, like the young man who came here to-night—will hardly outweigh that foul wrong which he threw into the scale against the slave when he sat in the same religious pulpit with Nehemiah Adams, and let the world believe that he regarded him as a Christian brother (applause).

Now, I speak what I believe. I have been throughout New England, in its hundreds of towns, for twenty years. I have stood outside of these Churches. I have seen clergymen preaching, occasionally, anti-slavery sermons—gathering around them a few half-awakened hundreds of New England minds. I have seen the coldness of spiritual death settle down in those congregations, and the little spark of anti-slavery life that we had been wishing to kindle go out beneath the benumbing influence of this general fellowship of American Christianity. We see Dr. Cheever attempting the same experiment. We say he is making a great mistake. We have seen this in politics. A dozen years ago, I said to a young Whig, the son of an ex-President, "Sir, you are not at heart in the Whig party. You stay there, thinking you may convert the party. I will tell you what you will do. You will stay two years; they will undermine you every month; they will kick you out in twenty-four months; and when they have done this, they will have undermined you so thoroughly that not a man will follow you from your place." The result proved it. Now, do you suppose the cunning orthodoxy of New York City is quiet, while Dr. Cheever stands where he does? If he would go out to-day—if he would shut the door of his church against the American Board, and the Tract Society, and the Bible Society—the whole conspiracy of religious (so-called) Societies—if he would say, "I am a Christian man, and this is a Christian pulpit; I judge men by their fruits; I do not care for their creed in this great hour of crisis; I deny the Christianity of those Churches about me that trade in slaves, that touch hands with slaveholders"—if he would say that, all New England would rise up, recognizing the fact that Christianity and slavery had got into a death-grapple.

To-day, England looks on, and sees the Tract Society in a quarrel. What does she say? "Christians quarrelling about a matter of which I cannot know the facts, and therefore cannot judge." She sees my good friend, John Jay, engaged, as I think Cowper says, "in dropping buckets into empty wells, and laboring hard in pulling nothing up" (laughter)—endeavoring to fathom so deep that he can find the hard-pan of Christianity in Daniel Lord's heart (laughter and applause). It is what the Republican party is doing in Massachusetts—endeavoring to save the remnant of fossil Whigs. It is what it is doing in the Western States—consulting the retainers of Stephen A. Douglas, instead of endeavoring, by a consistent, rigid adherence to absolute right, to educate the people that stand behind this institution, and make a public sentiment that will render emancipation possible.

I am sometimes accustomed to compare my country to that vast natural phenomenon upon its Atlantic coast—the gulf stream. You know the gulf stream comes from the south; so do all our influences. The South gives us our Presidents and the politics that guide them; it gives us the cotton, coffee, tobacco and sugar, that create our commerce, quicken our industry, clothe our frames, stimulate us in languor, soothe us in excitement, and sweeten our every repast. The gulf stream is warm, and melts everything before it; so does the South. On its surface are the little cock boats and painted steamers with their gay pennants floating through a balcyon day—custom-house officers, commercial churches with their reverend divines in cushioned pulpits, and all the *et cetera* of popular religion and fashionable life. But the inquirers and philosophers tell us that far down beneath the surface of this steady impulse that bears so many and so great influences northward there runs a constant and mighty stream of cold, calm and refreshing waters from the north, which return to the south the energies it has lost. Sometimes, if you look, you will see from the regions of the north a mountainous iceberg borne dead-set against the current down towards Cuba but sure to disappear long before it gets there. This is the way a northern conscience bears along toward the South a northern statesman. Anchored deep in the confidence of millions, in the trusting faith of a half-dozen States, in pledges oft repeated for fifty years, some Daniel Webster is borne by his elastic conscience, the cool under-current of the north, down as if to charge on the cohorts of this Southern influence, then melts out of sight, disappears, and you cannot find him long before he gets there! (Laughter and applause.)

Now, how shall we reach this public mind? How shall we educate it? As I was telling my friend, you cannot take a million of people and chain them to a premise and conclusion. But there stands Ward Beecher, with his avowed anti-slavery principles; here stands Dr. Cheever; in another quarter stand ourselves. The public are looking to us. If we want to educate these millions of men whose eyes are fastened upon us, we must consent that each should say to the other, "Here you are wrong; that is not the method." I want to prove to half a million of Ohio men that sublime truth which Mr. Tilton told us breathed from the pages of the Bible—the dignity of manhood, the sacredness of humanity and the overwhelming God-hood that resides in every God-created soul! How shall I do it? I cannot make the State of Ohio listen, but I can do it thus: Ohio thinks Dr. Cheever an eloquent, faithful, Christian man. We catch her ear; I say to her, "Dearly beloved Christian brethren, that man does not know yet that the negro is a man. You think him an eminent, eloquent, far-advanced, far-sighted Christian. We will tell you what he does. He says, to-day, that though the American Church has taken the slave, and bound him hands and feet, and thrust him overboard, he will still linger with that recreant Church, and try to convince it of its sin. And he says, at the same time, that, should they dare to shave down one tittle of the doctrine of natural depravity, he would cut them in an instant." We, therefore, declare that he has not yet learned that a man is better than a sheep or a doctrine. Ohio will reply, "You are wrong; you are making too much of this negro question; Christianity is not merely anti-slavery." Well, we never said it was; but Christianity has her peculiar tests in every generation, and the test that God applies now is the slave. Christ knocks at the door of every Christian Church in thirty States, by the black hand of the negro slave, and those who hear his voice answer, and go out (loud applause). It is the Divine Master calling his own. Every one of his sheep, whose heart is awakened to the great question of the nineteenth century, follows the Saviour to the hovel of the slave. Luther settled doctrine, Calvin settled Church government, the Reformation settled the right to read the Bible; what we have got to settle is, that all races, black as well as white, are one in the bosom of a common Saviour and God (applause), and the New Testament that does not recognize him is not the New Testament of Christ.

Now, there has been a great growth in this direction—an immense growth. Let me show it to you. When I began my anti-slavery life, men talked freely at the North about slavery and the slaveholder. If a politician got up, he defended slavery; if a divine got up, he defended slavery. They don't do it now. I will tell you what they do. There is great power in words. This Bible has a text in it—"He that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation." A Mr. Sawyer has given us a new translation. He thinks there are a great many harsh phrases in this Bible, and how do you suppose he translates that text? "He that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is the subject of an eternal mistake" (laughter). Just so about slavery. Ten years ago, if Rufus Choate had been making the speech which he made last year, he would have said, "We have freedom in New England, and slavery in the Carolinas." But now he does not like that word slavery; Garrison has made it hateful; so he says, "We have one type of labor in New England, and another type of labor in the Carolinas" (laughter and applause). And the Mississippi Legislature, when they were endeavoring to defend the institutions of the State, said, "We have a mercantile class; we are beginning to have a manufacturing class; we have also a class of economics of subordination" (laughter). And the Methodist General Conference, when they were dealing with Bishop Andrew, recommended him to get rid of his "impediment"—by which they meant his slaves. So Wisconsin, when she gave two or three millions of dollars to her Legislature, did not call it a bribe, but "a pecuniary favor." There is a great deal in words. We have made men ashamed here at the North of using the word slavery. It is a proof of an unconscious or conscious uneasiness in the region of the heart and conscience. Men do not think it is right, after all; they are beginning to struggle up to a sentiment against slavery. Now, what are we to do with that blind sentiment? Guide it; instruct it; set it right. How shall we do it? By claiming this Bible as ours; by claiming the Church of Christ as ours; by saying, as Melancthon and Luther said, when the Pope declared them heretics, and they retorted, "*We* are the Church; whoever differs from us is a heretic" (applause). So, not in a sense of vaunting or vanity, we are to say, "Christianity, to-day, in her first work, is an anti-slavery enterprise, and the man who does see it is not worthy the name of a Christian."

Now, I do not suppose that my friend and I agree in our theological tenets. You cannot aggregate men by agreement in dogmas. How are you going to aggregate them? By agreement in purpose. Dr. Cheever does not agree with Dr. Furness, but they both are willing to get their right hand on the jugular vein of slavery (applause). That is what brings them together. When Dr. Cheever awakes to the normal fact that there is not strength enough in the nation to spare a man or a woman from this great enterprise—that he is bound to make it broad as God has made the conscience of the nation—he will not get up a Church Congregational Anti-Slavery Society; he will say, "If there is an infidel Abolitionist in New York, I will go this very morning and find him out, clasp him to my bosom, and so help my brother" (applause). It is a very easy thing to sit on a platform, like a scholar or churchman, and criticise somebody else for their dogmas. It is a very easy thing for a dozen fastidious men, row sitting in these seats, to say that I am a vulgar utterer of Billingsgate, and they could have made a great deal prettier speech. No doubt they could. Scholarship folds its arms and says, "These agitators are vulgar fellows"; and it trims its phrases, and bolsters its periods, and says, with Shakespeare, that war would have been a mighty gallant thing if it had not been for this villanous gunpowder (laughter and applause). And the Church says, "A religious profession, and a good name, and the old-fashioned formulas, are all excellent, valuable and necessary, towards the reformation of the world; now, that man doesn't believe in the Trinity." But the real lover of his kind, the real Christian heart that looks down into that Carolina hovel, and sees the faltering bondman calculating the chances of escape for himself or his wife, looking up to this colossal North, with its Christian reputation and its marshalled strength, and losing heart for the attempt when he sees its unbroken phalanx—such a heart rushes down into the streets, and seizes every earnest man by the right hand and left, and says, "Come, brother, let us make this world happier than we found it!" (Applause.) He welcomes every sort of coöperation, and criticism from every quarter.

Now, what I would like to do is, not to overlook the differences between me and Dr. Cheever; they are no differences of words; they are no light differences, but radical and philosophical differences. My young friend does not see the gulf that divides us. It is as broad as the Atlantic. Dr. Cheever believes—at least, I suppose he believes—that the man who holds to the five points of Calvin, and leads a moral life, in 1859, is a Christian, even if he has not awakened to the claim which the South Carolina slave has upon his sympathies, and which Nehemiah Adams has to his loathing (applause). Now, my Christianity is not measured by creeds nor professions. I have stood in the city of Boston, with forty steeples pointing to the sky; I have seen chains around the Court-house; I have seen a hopeless fugitive slave incarcerated within it; I have seen seventy thousand persons, on a Sabbath day, go into those churches, and utter prayers to God, and not one of them lifted up a little finger of sympath, for the brother "guilty of a skin not colored like his own," who was panting under laws which they made, which their countenance sustained, and which their brother Christians were taking muskets to execute in the streets; and I said to myself, "Is this the natural result of the preaching of Jesus Christ eighteen hundred and fifty-four years ago? No! It came up from the bottomless pit, I don't care what name you give to it" (loud applause). Judge men by their fruits. "He that loveth his brother is of God; he that saith he loveth God, and hateth his brother, is a liar, and the truth is not in him" (applause).

Now, I learned my Christianity sitting at the feet of the loving and beloved apostle. I know that when men feel as bound with other men, they can say to the "Puritan of the Puritans," How did Puritans act? They put the Atlantic betwixt them and a corrupt Church; they came three thousand miles away. The man in the bosom of the Mayflower whose name I bear said, "If you think me a minister by the calling they gave me in England, I will throw off the robe; for a corrupt Church cannot make a true minister." I want Dr. Cheever to say as much as they said in 1620. I want him to say that a Church which hides slavery in her bosom is as bad as a Church that hides bishops.

I am in earnest. I would thank God if I could sit down and never utter another word on the subject of slavery; to lead a life of professional or of any other leisure. Why do I come here? I ought not to find room here! Bred a lawyer, what right have I on a platform which Christianity ought to have crowded with the gowns of Congregational ministers! (Loud and long applause.) But as in all history, so now, the priest and the Levite desert the man who has fallen among thieves, and leave the Samaritan to go along the roadside and to pick him up, and introduce him to the sympathy of Christendom.

Why, friends, we are only telling the old tale which the whole world has told for four thousand years. What is this book? (taking up the Bible). It is a record of the everlasting struggle betwixt progress and priesthood, betwixt ideas and organized ecclesiastical institutions. What was Jeremiah? He was the Garrison to the priests of Jerusalem in his own day (applause). And does not every man know it? Recently, in your Natural History rooms, I was shown a coral. Dr. Carpenter said to me, "While that coral lived, a breathing animal, he set his face against the Pacific, and by the very elasticity of life beat back its waves. He goes against the whole force of the ocean; but the moment he dies, and becomes a shell, the ocean wears him away as it does any other rock." Just so it is with the ocean of sin. When God touches a heart with his own fresh inspiration in the highways of life—with a new idea like that of John the Baptist in the wilderness of progress—like a coral, it beats back the Carolinas, and says, "Take care of yourself!" But the moment it hardens into shell, if it be even the Church of the Puritans, the world wears it as it does any other granite. This is the universal history of institutions. My young friend is only called to the same going out into the wilderness that every man who has had a new idea has been obliged to go through, ever since the world began! And if we shall have the Church come up at last, hardened into shell, to be an obstacle in the way of truth and freedom, God, I hope, will raise some living wheel to crush it to atoms in the generation which is to come.

I have taken a longer time than I ought, and yet I have not said one-half of what I meant to have said (cries of "go on!"). My lesson, on leaving the topic which has carried me aside, and in dismissing this anti-slavery gathering, is this: Utter your absolute truth, no matter where it cuts. Tell what God tells you; practise it outright. The fault of the Church, the fault of the politics of the present day, is that it makes compromises. Daniel Webster went down among the Egyptians, and betrayed the North. What was the Republicanism of Massachusetts engaged in last winter? Setting up a bronze statue of Daniel Webster in front of the State-house. Why did they do it? Because they do not want to say hard words (laughter); because they think words harder than actions; because this religious Church of ours has eaten out the life of the American people; because we have not got men, but pieces of men—Presbyterians, Whigs, Democrats, arms, legs, a million of which would not make a man (laughter). Go to Paris; look on that throne where sits a usurper, his robes stiff with the blood of the best men in France; see Napoleon, with his right hand resting on Jesuitism, and his left on the wealth of the Capital. And yet, though that usurper is offering temptations of office and wealth to the great men, the literary celebrities of France, that country has the proud record to make, that no man distinguished in her political or literary annals has ever bowed the knee to the usurper, notwithstanding he offers all these powerful temptations to them, and drives them into dungeons or exile, as the penalty for refusing to swear allegiance. Catholic, gay, superficial, heartless, rotten France has never found an apostate; and yet the South can buy up Northern men (laughter). You call that Protestantism the Church; I call it a sham. I hope to be a Christian. I know the fathers who begat me—the six generations that have dwelt upon this land, and labored to make this a Christian people. I would be a bastard if I let the infidel French capital believe that the craven Church that dare not lift up its voice in the face of a man who sells his brother on the auction-block represented my idea of the New Testament (applause). I used to think, if you wanted to have a dirty piece of work done, you should get a minister to do it. John Selden said so two hundred years ago, in the days of the great rebellion; and every religious society whose action I have criticized proves it to-day. But my own profession has outdone them to-day—the Lords and the Ketchums in the Tract Society meeting this morning, filing down conscience, dividing hairs, throwing dust in the eyes of honest men (laughter).

It is hard to dismiss an anti-slavery meeting; it is hard to let you go. If I were at liberty to tell you the innumerable stories of the heroism, the sagacity, the sacrifices of the slave—if I could only open to you the records of the underground railroad—you would see how ashamed we are when we stand in the presence of those whom we receive under our roofs. No man of you could stand the eloquent sight of a fresh fugitive, doing deeds that no record of white valor equals. We want the ability to put them in the streets, and tell their names. We want your churches to be altars to which they would flee before they come to us. One of your clergymen preached a sermon in support of the Fugitive Slave law. It was printed in your *Journal of Commerce*. Daniel Webster praised it. Three weeks afterwards, before the ink was dry, that very man was on the door step of a clerical friend of his and mine, with a fugitive slave behind him who had got to his door. He could not practise his own doctrine (laughter and applause). He came to his anti-slavery brother clergyman, and said, "Where do you put these folks? (Laughter.) I don't know what to do, but she ought to be out of sight in an hour; you have some way—tell me of it" (great laughter).

Oh, the slave is a sermon with an act. If we could only present such a face, such a scene to you—if we could only make you initiate a religious, a political sentiment that should make New York a shelter and a refuge! Give us a bill that there shall be no slave-hunt in the Empire State (applause). Thirty men on trial at Cleveland for having obeyed God and rescued a fellow-being! I thank God that it is possible to have thirty such heroes exist among us! The State of Wisconsin throwing down her gauntlet to the nation, and saying, "There never shall be a slave-hunt on my soil," and the Supreme Court endorsing it! (Applause.) Thank God for New England! Base as she is, she begat Wisconsin; and Wisconsin is an honor to the mother that gave her birth (applause). Get out of your graves; let me dig you out of William H. Seward (a hiss); get you up on your own feet that your mothers gave you. Wm. H. Seward is a great man (applause). I derive one of my great sources of encouragement from the fact that he is willing—and they say he is—to be run as the Republican candidate; for everybody knows that he never allows his name to be mixed up with a hopeless cause (laughter and applause). That is, to be sure, no great honor to him—only to his sagacity; but when the doves come to our windows, when the rats run to the ship, not from it, it is a good sign. I take him as a good sign. I myself wish he could be elected; I would rather have him than Buchanan (laughter). But still, I do not want him, and I will tell you why. While there is slavery in the Carolinas, there will never be anything but a puppy-dog of the slaveholders in the Presidential chair; and Seward is too good wood to make a President of in such circumstances. What I want him to say is—as an appendix to his Rochester speech—and in saying it, I give you my type of political duty—I want him to come home to Albany, and say, "Gentlemen of the North, the battle is terrible against us. We cannot even go into the fight without sacrificing our honor." I want him to wind his bugle-horn, and call home from Washington to the Empire State every lover of liberty, and to say, "Here, without sacrificing the honor of gentlemen or the honesty of men, we will found a Republican Union, out of honest States, and make the South come and beg for admission" (applause). Men say, "Why not sit and vote in the U. S. Senate?" I will tell you why. Because the voter steals that vote. You would not have me go and give money to the poor at the Five Points, having first cut Wm. B. Astor's throat, and stolen his funds? That is not charity, is it? How does Seward get that vote in the Senate chamber of the United States? He gets it by being the agent of men who believe that the Constitution of the United States orders the return of fugitive slaves, and who are willing that it should be done! He goes there to perform the duty of a State which acknowledges that she is bound to send back the bravest man who sets foot on her soil—that is the black fugitive. If you want a man to take Jackson's gold snuff-box, don't go in the streets; I will show him to you in a box six feet square, coming on the railroad from Maryland to Philadelphia for the sake of liberty. I will show him to you in the man who cannot read his letters; who knows nothing but the instinct God gave him; who clung, like a barnacle, to the outside of the wheel-house of a steamer from Georgia to Virginia, and thence to Philadelphia, and would have reached there, and been a freeman, but for an accursed Yankee church-member, who found him and carried him back (applause). The Church of America has not done, in the sight of God, good enough, since the days of the revolution, to make the wickedness of that one member kick the beam. If I could say anything better than that, I would (loud applause).

The public exercises being concluded, the members of the Society proceeded to elect the following officers for the ensuing year.

President—SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.
Vice Presidents—ERASMUS D. HUDSON, LAUREN WATMORE, JOSEPH CARPENTER.
Corresponding Secretary—OLIVER JOHNSON.
Recording Secretary—HENRIETTA W. JOHNSON.
Treasurer—ROWLAND JOHNSON.
Additional Members of the Executive Committee—WILLIAM A. HALL, JOHN F. CLAVELAND, ABBY H. GIBBONS, J. MORTIMER HALL, CORNELIUS BRAMHALL.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S SPEECH

BEFORE THE BOSTON AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

[This speech fills more than a page of *The Independent*. We copy a few of its most striking passages.]

I KNOW that there are some men who fear the results of discussion among us, and predict national rupture and disunion. Men there are who whose keel is fear, and all whose ribs are cowardice, and whose whole life is but a quaking voyage of apprehension. They are always about to sink. The function of their life is gone if there be no ill-omened auguries darkening the future. Some men there are who sleep on this matter of disunion. They wake on it. It is their food at morning; it is their noon-day meal; they sup upon it. It is their Sunday devotion, their weekday horror. Disunion! You might just as well fear that the continent would break in two because running rivers cleanse their waters on its back, and the restless ocean forever laps its sides, as that this Union will break in two because men wage wars of opinion, and in free discussion bring all interests to the arbitration of reason.

Indeed, I fear that this people is too selfish ever to break asunder. Our danger is not in disunion. The devil has too large investments in this land to admit of disunion. There is nothing that Satan would gain by it—much that Christ might. Why, then, are we not in danger? Simply because we have learned to trust the people, and to make them praiseworthy by intelligence, by moral education, and by the unrestrained, yet regulated use of their rights as freemen. Other lands make the individual weak, to make the state strong; but we teach and believe that the strength of the state is in the strength of its individual members.

I would that the lesson of the freedom of discussion and its benefits had been learned as perfectly by all as it has been by some; or, rather, as perfectly by some among us as it has been by all the rest of the community. But it would seem as if some men gained education only by the loss of common sense. There are thousands in whom prosperity and intelligence have wrought a conceit which makes them distrustful of common people. They are arrogant, contemptuous of those beneath them in social position, and stand together in classes, with mutual flatteries and a common conceit. They are bound together in a common emptiness, as the staves of a barrel are bound together around the vacuity of an unfilled centre. Nor have I ever before seen a more remarkable instance of the contempt with which conceited men look upon free discussion than that which was exhibited upon the platform of the Tract Society, at its recent anniversary, on the boards of the Opera House in New York. Whatever prejudices have hitherto existed against the morals of an opera house must, since that platform held such actors, receive double force; and I am sure no ordinary play, and no opera, bad even as Don Juan itself, can have a more mischievous effect upon the popular mind than the shameless exhibition which took place on that occasion, and by the reverend and legal actors. There it was that one of the most distinguished civilians of New York was pleased to inform the audience, in a speech preliminary to the gagging of that audience, that a deliberative body was not a safe place for the discussion of grave questions. The Reverend Daniel Lord it was—for so I read his title in the report of *The Tribune*, though when he took orders I am not informed—the Reverend Daniel Lord—and surely Daniel must, at the time, have thought himself in the lion's den again—declared that the excited feelings of deliberative bodies and popular assemblies were not favorable to investigations of truth.

When I looked around, and saw that almost every other man in that assembly was a gray-haired man; that hundreds of them were pastors inured to discussion all their lives—men who had given their thoughts both to books and to the discussions of living men—an assembly, the average age of whose members could not fall short of fifty years, and then heard this eminent legal gentleman, himself a gray-haired man, to whom impetuosity and fire seemed anything but congenial, descanting upon the danger of being consumed by the wild-fire of deliberative assemblies, I could not but think that there was just about as much need of sending fire-engines to grave yards to put out tomb-stones as of repressive measures in such an assembly to extinguish the conflagrations kindled by free discussion.

That the Tract Society should ever have needed that any should remind them of their duty to the poorest among the poor, and the most ignorant among the ignorant—four million American slaves—is itself enough disgrace. That when the voice of a Christian people, sounding louder and louder every year, and coming up from twenty States, like the sound of many waters and mighty thunderings, demanding that the Society which professed to express in its publications the full truth of the Christian religion should give utterance to some religious truth bearing upon this most serious and most grevious evil of our times and nation, they should stop their ears, and, taking counsel of sinister fear and secular interest, refuse to bear their testimony; that every year dumbness should be defended in them as a Christian virtue, and moral cowardice plead as a duty, was enough to bring up again into our ears that solemn denunciation which eighteen hundred years ago made Jerusalem tremble—"Woe unto you scribes, pharisees and lawyers."

And now, upon this day, in compact of evil, stood again, in this extemporized temple, priest and lawyer, determined to justify their own recreancy, and to forbid other people the right of free speech which they had guiltily refused to employ. And this anniversary meeting of the Tract Society had its primary object, this one thing—to gag men, and to pervert free discussion. They dreaded honest men's tongues. And so they called not this year, as last, the special pleaders of the clergy, but the tricksters of the law, prepared, with every mean device of caucus and political manœuver, to anticipate and ward off free speech, and shield themselves behind this enforced silence.

Let every honest Christian man in these United States consider this abominable doctrine that the duty of a Christian Tract Society, in circulating the truth, is to be judged and limited by the wishes of corrupt and wicked men. If wicked men are willing to receive light upon their wickedness, the Tract Society is permitted to send them knowledge; but if wicked men do not desire that light should shine into their darkness, Mr. Lord declares that, without a perversion of their trust, the Tract Society cannot send them unwished-for and unwelcome Christian truth. He declares, most explicitly, that the preliminary business of the Tract Society is to ascertain whether men are willing to receive the truth of Christ; and that if they are not, they are in duty bound, as administrators of a solemn trust, to withhold that truth.

Was this, then, the doctrine of that Christ who came not to bring peace, but the sword? Was this the example of that teaching Saviour who confronted the whole priestly rabble, and lawyer crew, that then, as now again in our day, held the holiest places, that they might pervert them only to the basest uses? Was this the example of those apostolic heroes, who went abroad, followed by mobs of infuriated men; by enraged mechanics, whose business was interfered with by their high morality; pursued and thrust at by wandering mountebanks, whose gains they destroyed by restoring their victims to health and sanity? Was this the spirit that breathed through those men who, in every age, have been found worthy of the name of Christ—teachers, confessors, martyrs, saintly pastors, and unsubdued preachers, who have borne solemn testimony against all wickedness, and brought upon themselves endless mischiefs, because they would not forbear, because they would cast upon the unwilling face of darkness the whole effulgence of the light of God? And yet, Mr. Lord dared to say—and there was not one priest upon the platform that chose to contradict the declaration—that tracts on slavery, and tracts against polygamy, and the like, must not be sent either to those that were guilty of either sin, unless they knew beforehand that these sinners were willing to receive them?

And this is what the Tract Society, with all their high-sounding pretences, with all their paraded piety, and all their ostentatious conscientiousness, has at last led the Church to; and that truth of Christ which was revealed to be, not the suppliant and the slave of men's caprices and appetites, but the master of their conscience, the lord of their faith, the supreme arbiter of their lives—that truth which is God's only vicegerent upon earth, open-browed, clear-eyed, and with a tongue that speaks in every language the same things, and with divine authority, is, by this last declaration of the American Tract Society, through their attorney, to ask permission of the intemperate before it declares the sins of intemperance; to ask the consent of the incontinent before it rebukes, by the blaze of Gospel chastity, the foul corruptions of licentiousness; to ask the hard hand before it preaches the duty of lenity and mercy to the weak; to ask the Sabbath-braker's permission before it issues tracts on the sanctity of God's day; to ask the gambling and the racing crew whether they may print tracts against the special immoralities to which they are liable; to ask the thief whether they may circulate tracts upon dishonesty; the robber whether they may set forth the claims of justice, for, says Mr. Lord, "tracts on slavery might be very able in their teaching, tracts against polygamy the like, but how idle to attempt to send the latter to the Mormons, or the former to other parts of the country where they would be excluded." We demand to know by what right it is said that tracts will not be read in the South on the duties of master and slaves. How has it been ascertained that they will not be welcome? I declare that there are hundreds of thousands of men, in the slave States, who will receive, with gratitude, suitable tracts upon this subject, and read them with conscientious earnestness for the truth. I declare my conviction that men living in the slave States, by ten thousands, hate slavery vastly more than do the managers of the American Tract Society; are less apologists for it; are less indifferent to its wastes and its woes; are more in sympathy with that spirit of liberty in the New Testament, which has consumed so much evil in the world, and is destined to consume every vestige of slavery and of oppression. There are thousands of ministers that will circulate tracts written in a spirit of Christian love, bearing witness against the selfishness and the wrong of those that defraud the laborer of his wages. Nay, there are thousands of men who believe that slavery is a divine institution, who yet desire to have the duties of the master more thoroughly explored and taught; who earnestly desire to carry themselves toward their slaves with some degree of conscientiousness and Christian fidelity. There is not in these United States, there is not upon this continent, there is not on the broad field of the world, a province of labor more inviting, more urgent, that promises a more abundant remuneration, than the slave States of America. Nowhere else has the conscience lain so long fallow; nowhere else are men more open to honest truths, spoken in a manly way; nowhere else are men more frank in recanting when they are wrong; nowhere else more fearless in doing that which they see to be right. And I believe, in my soul, that if, instead of our Northern doughfaces, the management of this American Tract Society could be put into the hands of any of thousands of men who might be selected from the slaveholders of the South, we should have a better expression from them of Christian truth on the subject of human rights than now we are able to obtain from these men, whose highest conception of duty seems to be to do right by the permission of evil, to scatter light under the direction of darkness, and to establish righteousness by the consent of iniquity. I will myself stand pledged—if any word of mine may be a guarantee—that if the American Tract Society will print appropriate tracts upon this subject, in a Christian temper, and with Christian fidelity expressing the truth of God, I will circulate twenty million pages in one year. If the Society will take the offer, I will take the job.

It would seem bad enough for the American Tract Society to refuse to proclaim a Gospel of liberty, or a Gospel of rights to four million of men on this continent; but to attempt to justify their guilty silence by decrying and gagging a Christian deliberative assembly, by undermining the foundations of free speech, by destroying faith in the wisdom of popular deliberative bodies, was to act as oppressors always act; for usurpation never fails to go on to injustice. Men whose rights have been taken away from them are always forbidden to complain. The sceptre and the gag go together, the world over. The American Tract Society, after contemptuously refusing to exercise free speech in behalf of the oppressed, next, and characteristically, muzzled free speech and free discussion on their own conduct. Every man knows that there was never a more ruthless thing done in a Christian assembly than that which took place yesterday. It is bad enough to see the gross and wanton injustice of arrogant men that manage the wires of political affairs; but to see a body of Christian ministers and laymen bringing into their service the supple